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Independence inventory: how much of Canada is still ours
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DECEMBER 1971

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE



35¢

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE
DECEMBER 1971/VOL. 64/NO. 12

- 4** THE VIEW FROM NEW BRUNSWICK
By Wilhelmine Thawes
- 6** THE VIEW FROM THE U.S. OF A
By Tom Buhon
- 11** THE VIEW FROM QUEBEC
By Ann Chomsky
- 12** YOUR VIEW
Our readers' opinions
- 16** INSIDE
MACLEAN'S
- 18** MY CANADA
By James Keeney
- 23** ALL CANADA WANTS FOR CHRISTMAS IS ITSELF
By Walter Stewart
- 26** EARLY MORNING AFTERTHOUGHTS
By Robert Marle
- 29** YOU CAN STILL TELL A MAN BY HIS HANDS
Photographs by Hans Ehrlich
- 38** THE NHL, A THING OF CORPORATE BEAUTY
By William Coonan
- 40** THE TABLE TALK OF ROY THOMPSON
By Peter C. Newman
- 42** HAVE A CHAUVINISTIC CHRISTMAS DINNER
By Sandra Gethio
- 44** NORTH COUNTRY PASSING
By Andrew Vinnitsky
- 53** DROPPING IN ON THE AZORES
By Robert Campbell
- 92** TELEVISION
By Heather Robertson
- 93** FILMS
By John Harfous
- 94** MUSIC
By John Macfarlane
- 96** BOOKS
By David Coonan

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COVER PHOTO: JOHN WILSON

THE VIEW FROM
HERE
BY PETER C. NEWMAN

any survey of Canada's declining independence, such as Walter Stewart's article which leads off this issue, inevitably comes to (posed) the question: Is it too late? A number of authors have responded to this question. In his article, R. Brian Donald Critchlow supported the gloomy hypothesis. In our last issue, and Karl Llewellyn, the McGill economist, was writing: "After 25 years of heavy American economic penetration, Canada's freedom of action has been assigned to the scrapheap to the point where it is doubtful whether it can be regained." But a quick glance at the editorial (see page 23) we built to underline the loss of Canada's self-determination suggests rather than disparage. Much of our independence has been battered away, but much remains. We still a long way from defeat.

There's a lot of real Canadian pragmatism to share in our sovereignty. For one thing, we can establish an accurate method to measure the true extent of foreign take-overs, and, through the Canada Development Corporation, provide a pool of finance to keep new ventures in Canadian hands. For another, we can stop relying on our advantages and foster foreign investment over our own and directing our foreign capital into the very areas we should be reserving for ourselves. Former Canadian Minister Eric Kierans has noted that depreciation allowances designed to lure capital into new strong and profitable make little sense. "If you invest in the service industries, he says, you will have to pay taxes on 80% or 90% of

your profile (and, thus, how, in what manner you will be able to pay 17% in petroleum duty? The inflation rate is 17% and the oil price is 17%—a very high and volatile price. The government is not a very discriminating agent towards trade and at the same time Canadian citizens will have to develop a more nationalistic approach to the issue of autonomy, not in the fullest sense, but new Canadian officials can only just begin as the new government is still in the process of being built. The strengthening of federal power is a very important step. The universities will have to accept their responsibility to ensure a minimum level of Canadian content not only to their courses but also on their facilities. Finally, Canadians in general will have to get behind such bodies as the Committee for an Independent and Sovereign Canada, which is to support the representative position across the country and to ensure that the new government is not a mere puppet. Nothing is more important than to solidify the will of Canadians to remain free and independent.

If all these things happen, Canada will survive. What the Americans owe us is not nearly so important as what we owe of ourselves. There is nothing most Americans want less than to take on our problems; the choice for or against constitutionalism will not be made in Washington, Chicago and New York, but in Toronto, Halifax, Vancouver, Montreal and, above all, in Ottawa. ■

THE VIEW FROM HARTLAND N.B. BY WILHELMINE THOMAS

In the middle of New Brunswick, there's a small farm. It fronts the centre of a town. The star's parents are the village of Lunenburg, Catherine Hardwick (and Premier Robichaud), Waterville, Woodstock and Placentiaville, home of McCain Foods. Crowning this land is a white house with many windows. My father sits reading on the sun porch. He is a World War I veteran, 60 years old and 50 years married. He is a farmer. The list of the pioneers. The independent factor.

The farm is on, scratched out between crop failures, farm, stock losses and the changing times. He built the big white house from the ground up. He built a large to accommodate his children and theirs. The children who have grown and long ago left for the cities. The house is empty except for him and my mother. Five years have elapsed since the farm was harvested. He had an offer to sell the land, but not the house.

There are 10 devoted farmhouses between my father's farm and Catherine. The Kirkland house is vacant and blank, the Gibsons house, except the ground, the Perras house, looking windowless and doors, leaves into the swamp, the Perras house looks as an add-on's foot — and an on-top the roof. These devoted houses, empty in barren windows, stand in the middle of prosperous land, rich in green potato fields and yellow grain.

Where have all the farm-gone? Well, clearly taken care of the older ones. Their families have moved to Ontario. The rest have sold out and work for McCain's, sales, women and children. They work for "the man."

Why? Is the small farmer is lucky enough to harvest a good crop, he may or may not make a profit? There are no collective marketing controls to protect him. Prices vary drastically, daily. Get summer potatoes one rain a field of wheat in half an hour, that same field has been ploughing and harvesting and raising and sowing and fertilizing and spraying since the first came out of the ground.

Business won't take a risk on the small farmer. The government doesn't appear to give a damn. But McCain are able to get substantial government grants, and they can afford to take the land of risk a small farmer can't.

A farmer used to be able to depend on his sons to help him on the farm. Today those sons work a 45-hour week for McCain, while the farmer, if he's serious about farming, works a 72-hour week. And that doesn't count the times his farm animals decide to bear their young in the middle of the night. The farmer has to go out and milk the cows before breakfast and again later in the day. The McCain workers go through when his shift ends, whether the work is finished or not. A farmer can't even take a Sunday off. He can't have his cows each carrying two pairs of milk on the day of rest.

Placentiaville is no longer a village but a booming town,

would be an affluent suburb of Toronto, swimming pools and rock gardens. Here, McCain Foods operates a frozen packaging and distribution plant. Naturally, it would seem the people who work for McCain are better off. They have car payments and TV payments, and every house, trailer and truck house is a new mobile. But money is well in hand has shifted hands. Progress has pulled in new into New Brunswick.

Progress has brought some great innovations, and possibly the end to a style of life. Nobody talks any more. Gone are the community gatherings, the bare evenings, the Sunday night community "taps," the large house parties with the local musical talent, not in color and romance. Now everybody watches television, though the Baptists won't admit it.

The Baptist Church has lost its long buggy shelter, where the strings used to rest and the husbands smoked their pipes through seven rows of *The Old Ragged Cross*.

Gone as a while, there's a religious revival, and a band of preachers comes in town, and everybody gets saved for a week or two. People shop upstairs, go up bootlegged liquor, shop upstairs and wearing lipstick — and another crop of babies arrives next year.

Gone are the general stores which smelled of smoked meat and beer oil. Gone are the sheep shearing, the carding and mending of wool. Gone are the quilting parties and the Red Cross. Gone are frizzling chickens and bazaar charms. Gone are the salmon pools and fishing tales. Gone is the swimming hole, in its place pollution.

Progress has brought in the Birchwood Power Plant, but Island Park is flooded over.

There are electric lights and running water, but no except luxury season. No more tag case or bobolinking in the woods. The Hydro cut a switch through the maple grove.

The Trans-Canada Highway chugs up the province, ripping the guts out of some of the best land in the country, and diesel trucker trailers wind through. Gone are the covered bridges. To accommodate the highway they dug up houses and set them back in the fields as new foundations, where they stood in a city past. Even the schoolhouse, the high school, was about to move to Ontario. And the house trailers, trailers and water-purified, resin mobile homes, cottages, landless impostors.

The one-room schoolhouses have been torn down, sold or left to rot. Now they have regional high schools, put and back. The high schools are far from the work in the field to allow the youngsters to pick potatoes.

Progress has brought in welfare. Old-age pensions. Progress has made old people's homes available. There is an old folks home in Woodstock where they separate the husbands and wives, a cruel picture in the name of morality. Progress has brought in children's allowances. And best before Mother's Day, Mother's Day and Mother's Day. One family, I see, doesn't go for that contraption bit. There are news items of danger slipping in the wind in front of their shack.

But, with all this progress, do you know that you can still hear a June bug's whine on a summer night? And in the dead of winter the Northern Lights will show like a waterfall from the Big Dipper. And even with all the McCain gone, even food, you can still find footpaths along the river banks and wild strawberries up on the ridge.

Wilhelmine Thomas is on the editorial staff at McCain's.

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THE HANSON FAMILY, 1978, HANSON CO. CANADA



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THE VIEW FROM U.S. OF A. BY TOM BUTSON

If Edmund Stasik makes it to the White House, it will be largely the same way he once made it to Calgary — by accident. In 1967 Senator Muskie was in Montreal to deliver a speech on water pollution, intending to travel on via Chicago to Montreal for a conference there. However, his wife threw out of stock by an airline strike in the United States, so he took the alternate route, to Calgary by Air Canada and then by car to Montreal. Unfortunately, the journey to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue does not offer such a simple choice of alternate routing.

For one thing, Muskie is not the only traveler bound for that destination. For a second, Richard Nixon, having already safely made the trip, is in a hurry to give up the company. And according to those cracks, Stern and Galt, lover and flower Americans are inclined to replace him with the tanky, if lovable, Senator from Maine.

Chief among those other fellow travelers, the announced and unannounced Democratic candidates, is the man who was on the ticket in 1968 with Senator Muskie, Wilbert Humphrey. As the time for the primaries draws closer, Humphrey looks more and more like an old warhorse ready to not get out again to the fray. And his now-lacking ambitions are particularly the greatest threat to Muskie's plans. Humphrey holds the key to the thing that Muskie needs most—money. And the word in the Democratic camp is that Humphrey has told the party monomaniac that as titular party chief he has first call on that money and they are not to release it to Muskie, especially not for any Muskie primary bids where it might run smack against Humphrey's own candidacy.

In a party as volatile as the Democratic Party, this is a crucial conflict. Muskie and Humphrey both spring from the same old section. That if Humphrey again becomes a declared candidate, the man who will suffer most will be Muskie.

To try to tame money, Muskie went first to the gold-rich slopes of California. There he apparently had little success, so he made two later calls into New York. Again, as his appointments (particularly the underlings in the camp of Senator George McGovern) are eager to relate, he was given the polite brush.

Why, apart from Humphrey, this reluctance to give Muskie financial help? Despite his fine showing in the 1968 campaign, Muskie suffers from several serious handicaps. His experience as governor of Maine and three months in the Senate is considered slight. For instance it was only this year that he joined the prestigious Senate Foreign Relations Committee and began to travel abroad so he could speak authoritatively on world affairs — as a president should. For lack of money he has been forced from time to time to lay off advisers who would have helped fill his deficiencies.

Tom Lake, a recent from the staff of Richard Nixon's assistant, Henry Kissinger, is perhaps Muskie's top foreign policy adviser, but when the Senator couldn't afford to hire him full time he undertook from time to time consulting for others. And trying to meet the bill, Muskie has had to concentrate on winning the money-men at the expense of furthering his following among the less affluent voters in key primary states.

But money is not Muskie's only problem. Like so many other political front-runners, he has fallen victim to foot-sorely desire.

In Muskie's case, the incident occurred during his travels to the West Coast. During a visit to Watts, the Los Angeles ghetto area where he met 35 black community leaders, he was asked if he would accept a black steering committee in 1972. No, he replied, he didn't think such a token could possibly win. Even the veteran Southern strategist, Richard Nixon, managed to seem outraged, and the other Democratic contenders were able to turn it in self-righteous denials. So when he ran tapping wallets, Muskie now has to spend valuable time mollifying black voters. (Some of his possible opponents, feeling back on the wheel, think that what Muskie lost on the black vote he might pick up on the like color non-voters. Muskie's cousin was favor with the black-block segment of the Democratic electorate, they suggest, perhaps to such a degree that he might come out ahead.)

So then Muskie is, raising hard just to stay where he was at the beginning of the contest. Breathing hard on his neck are Humphrey, McGovern, John Lindsay, the mayor of New York, and a clutch of others — Senator Fred Harris,

Senator Henry Jackson and possibly Representative William Mills. Of these, the most dangerous is the New York mayor, who if he can solidify his known hold on the New York delegation and capture other key states, such as California and Illinois, will be hard to beat. Muskie has little chance of winning support in Illinois because of a one-time slight to Chicago Mayor Richard Daley. It was a private matter involving whether or not Daley should go to Muskie's hotel suite for a conference or whether the Senator should go to meet the mayor. Ross Daley has a long memory.

And shown in the background, making strenuous trips to India, professed chairman on Supreme Court appointments and standing Hickory Hill president at-conferences at the home of his sister-in-law (Eli), is Teddy Kennedy. When Ross Daley would be delighted by a Kennedy candidate.

Muskie would be a good president for Canada. His origins as the rocky confides of Manx, holdovers in Defton Camp country is New Brunswick, meetings with Prime Minister Trudeau, make him perhaps the best-informed of the potential candidates on matters Canadian. Moreover he favors continuation of the anti-trade pact and expansion of limited Canadian oil imports to the United States. But, at this point, his chances might best be summed up by saying that Edmund Stasik Muskie, the man with the connections, the popularity and the political background, the man who said the right things (with the one exception in Watts) bears a marked similarity to a well-known Canadian political star: Edmund Muskie looks like the Paul Martin of American politics gone in the trough just once too often.

Tom Butson is an assistant editor at the New York Times.

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THE VIEW FROM QUEBEC BY ANN CHARNEY

Ever since Voltaire irretrievably dismissed French Canada as a few acres of snow not worth fighting for, relations between Quebec and France have been a delicate balance of illusion on one side and more or less total indifference on the other.

In 1967 it seemed as if France was ready to make amends for its past neglect. The mayor of Montreal, Jean Drapeau, greeted the visiting French leader, General de Gaulle, with "We have waited 200 years for you." The General, apparently overcome with feeling, responded to the mayor and to the crowds intensely emotional welcome with the cry, "Vive le Québec libre!" As the crowd roared in the streets near the Montreal city hall, it seemed as if the General had suddenly erased more than 200 years of rejection.

Since De Gaulle's public declaration of support, Quebec has proudly paraded its secret and private relationship with France. When the October visit of Maurice Schumann, the French foreign minister, to Ottawa was hailed in English Canada as an excuse for "sweeping the hatchet," there were swift protests to the contrary in Quebec. The French press here hastened to point out that Schumann had not brought with him the coveted invitation from Premier Paré to visit Prime Minister Trudeau. Furthermore, it was confirmed that Schumann's subsequent visit to Quebec was, as calmly "separate" and distant even. Great emphasis was placed on the fact that Schumann came to Quebec, not directly from Ottawa but via New York, detoured, in so speak, of any possible federal contamination. Once on Quebec soil, Schumann himself assured the press that he remained faithful to De Gaulle's example.

Obviously, then, relations between Quebec and France remain as warm as they have been since 1957. Schumann's visit was quickly reported by an official visit of the Minister of Cultural Affairs in Quebec, François Cloutier, to France. Cloutier was greeted with full pomp and ceremony, and in a speech before the Collège de France he told his audience that "the fight of the Québécois is also that of all francophones."

The contradiction, however, between public mythology and private experience in this area cannot be successfully concealed, even by the most eloquent diplomatic double talk.

André Major is a young Quebec writer who recently spent a year in France. "As a Québécois in France I often had the impression that I didn't exist. It was a very lonely feeling. The French know nothing about Quebec and they don't give a damn. They won't even listen if you try to tell them. When I got away for a short visit to Italy I felt more at home there than I had in all these months in France. I even found I had more in common with English Canadians

from the West Coast than I did with the French.

"The one thing I'm certain of now is that we must not look to France for anything. We are condemned to go it alone."

Major's experience is by no means unique. It is shared by many Québécois who go to France in search of comfort and support. But if France's effective indifference remains characteristic and consistent, in Quebec there is a new self-reliance and a lack of sentimentality toward France.

Strangely enough, this new attitude seems to date from the De Gaulle visit, not in spite of it but as a result of the confidence and strength that it inspired in the nationalist movement. After the visit, of course, there was new cultural exchanges, declarations of support, Joseph Pans speeches for visiting Quebec ministers, but apart from the handful of people involved directly in these activities the majority of the population remained unmoved by the visit.

For Pierre Vallières, France was still, in the Fifties, the place "of which I had so often dreamed. The country of our ancestors. The home of great thinkers. . . . The France of the cathedrals and the revolution." When he finally arrived at dream's end, he found "a France full of sorrow and disillusionment."

In the Sixties, however, the nostalgia for France became associated with the logic of colonization. It was no longer considered essential to an artist's mission to obtain a stamp of approval in France. Pans ceased to be the favored place of exile or escape, in reality or in dreams, as it had been for the previous generation. The young preferred to go elsewhere, to South America, for example, where they found many parallels with the situation in their own country. Artists discovered audiences, themes and inspiration within their own community. This new orientation found its reflection in the new vocabulary of nationalism. The lyrics Québec and Québécois replaced those of France, Canada and French Canadians.

In France, however, there has been no indication that there is any awareness of this new self-reliance or, at better, withdrawal among the vast

to France this summer, it became quickly obvious to me that for the majority of Frenchmen there had been, in all states and purposes, no De Gaulle visit, no October 1970. For the small minority of Frenchmen who are even aware of the existence of Quebec and its problems, the subject remains somewhat distant and abstract, a kind of geographic curiosity. Information on Quebec remains almost exclusively linguistic, which would seem to be the strongest tie between the two peoples, is also a formidable barrier. The young Québécois artist can almost invariably the foreigner speaks the French, this dialect of ancient French and anglicisms appears ludicrous. Poet parajour, Charlebois and Raoul Duguay in particular, are cited in Paris. Writers are often advised that their manuscripts will be considered only when they are rewritten in "proper French."

And as while Schumann and Pompidou themselves may give statements of friendship and promises of cooperation, the cultural struggle in Quebec against assimilation seems more desperate than ever. The Québécois are modern, as Major puts it, "condemned to go it alone."

Ann Charney is a Montreal free-lance writer.

DESPITE
DE GAULLE,
QUEBEC
MUST
GO
IT
ALONE





I am certain that another letter concerning the pleasure that subscribers receive from the "view" section will not be out of order. Letters to editors are not written frequently, but I would like to take up a few minutes just to say what an excellent job you have done on a magazine which I feared was going to perish. Please keep it up.

E. S. MANDRELL, OTTAWA

So-so-so

So poor Glen Wilner "is a dyed-in-the-rind, and a good one," and "he believes it is unethical not to grow food in a starving world." — *Glen Exuperative* (October). But he sold wheat for 60 cents a bushel last year and he is still harping about he doesn't know how he will sell. Nor does anyone else.

And the federal government (he'll say it) and even those farmers a living? Should we subsidize them because they like to farm and don't want to learn new skills so they can move out of farming to take steady-income jobs in other occupations? There are academic and skill-training courses which they are stoned at little at so close to themselves. If we support the farmer's income there is little or no incentive for him to move out of farming. In fact, the extent to may work the other way.

Why not let the farming industry become efficient? Large, efficient farming operations not only allow cheaper food production for Canadians but they also enable Canada to compete more strongly in foreign markets. And if Glen Wilner is really a good farmer he may well be one of the efficient, business-minded operators who can stay in farming.

E. S. KESLER, FREDERICTON

The wronging of René

I must protest strongly against the cover of *Marathon's* October issue, showing a picture of René Lévesque with two armed men. Mr. Lévesque has never defied himself and does

not need one, but still I wanted to express to you my indignation for what appears to me as an example of sensational and yellow journalism and not of intellectual dishonesty. I am all the more at ease to express my view that I am not a member of the Parti Québécois, I am just an ordinary citizen who feels that honesty and justice are still worth defending.

You would not have acted other way had you chosen to discuss Mr. Lévesque in public opinion and cover around him a climate of distrust and hostility on the part of well-thinkers, "bleeding hearts" and citizens respectful of law and order. Furthermore, in the very same issue of *Marathon's*, one of your writers interviews Mr. Lévesque who declares himself to be a revolutionary, not of the kind who changes things violently but of the kind who does so with votes. You are too familiar with journalism not to know that this picture that would, especially the front page or cover picture.

And glasses do not protect that it was meant to be humorous, you would then have taken the precaution to put some indication that would have made things clear and stated that it was a "taken" photo or a "satirization".

And last one finally, would you have accepted a picture of the same kind showing Prime Minister Trudeau at the time he had become to the War Measures Act?

AMORE BACARDI, MONTREAL

★ Your October 1973 cover-story of René Lévesque, backed by two youthful drug-pusher girlfriends, was a masterpiece. It actually belongs by its content to the kind of humor, to the April 1970 Quebec electoral campaign. With the heaving and stentorian of the federalist high command, bounds were then on his message, barking at their prey and enjoying their tooth-and-claw fun. At the time, this was morally sound on the law of the mighty had led to be upheld against this small lot of subversive tactics called separatism. Along with the thrust of civil war and economic strangulation (remember the *Week's* copy?), your poster would have found its way into thousands of photos and would have sent any Quebecers, both French and English, quivering.

The identical juts jangled on the golden opportunity of the Crisis and Laporte kidnappings to create a national crisis and launch a massive witch-hunt. Democratic ideals and inalienable civil rights were then "suspended" not in connection with this subversive "operation". The Parti

Québécois was again the chief villain. Key members were arrested by the hundreds, houses were searched by the thousands, suspected sympathizers were photographed, tape-recorded and had in every town. A whispering propaganda developed, using the Geste program of guilt by association, in order to convince every Quebecer that the Parti Québécois was the hyperbolic "democratic" front of the FLQ. For this deeply growing mass party had to be linked to violence and stained with blood against all evidence to the contrary, so that frightened and justified Quebecers could turn their backs on it forever.

But the "operation" boomeranged against these blood-thirsty Liberals' long record of integrity, courage and prudence of democracy was too well known to every Canadian. Mass arrests and house-searchings were condemned by all true democrats as a breach of political morality and as a complete fiasco. Both governments lost face and hard estates will not forget easily that they have been misused and cheated.

CAMILLE LACROIX, MR. VICE-PRESIDENT, PARTI QUÉBÉCOIS, MONTREAL

Mon cher Donald

Donald Cameron makes clear in his book *October, Last Year Is The Present* (Kingston, October), his sympathy for the Quebec separatists, including the terrorists. Books by separatists are printed, while those exposing a contrary view are banned. A book of psychiatric case studies concluding that terrorism is a consequence of insanity is "disputed" with the suggestion that "patients" cannot be explained in this way. One separatist work is lauded because it may help English Canadian understand "why Quebec wants out." Another book is commended for its attack upon the Prime Minister and for its analysis of "Quebec's notorious movement toward independence." No proof is offered for these impertinent assertions, nor is there even a hint that perhaps a majority of Quebecers do not want seceding of the sort.

Cameron is entitled to his opinions, of course, even to his separatist sympathies, although surely a reviewer ought either to strive to be objective or else frankly state his prejudices. There is one evaluation of his which cannot be allowed to pass, however, and which is as outrageous as it is laxative. Writing about *Lévesque's* European so-called history, Cameron concludes that it is "barbaric, simple and senseless" (reviewed on page 14).

The Canada Labour (Standards) Code.

It's been revised.

You should know about it.

The Code was revised July 1, 1971, except for termination notice and severance pay, which will be effective Jan. 1, next.

The basic standards which cover employees in industries within federal jurisdiction — including most transportation, communication, grain handling, severing and banking operations — can be simply described.

Wages
A minimum of \$1.75 per hour (\$1.50 for employees under 17 years of age).

Hours and overtime
Standard hours of 8 per day, 40 per week. At least time and one-half for time worked beyond standard hours. Maximum of 48 hours per week.

Paid vacations
At least two weeks after one year of service.

General holidays
Eight per year.

Equal pay
Prohibition of differences in pay for men and women performing, under similar working conditions, the same or similar work on jobs requiring the same or similar skill, effort and responsibility.

Maternity leave
After one year of service, up to 12 weeks before and 6 weeks after childbirth.

Prohibition of dismissal for reasons only of pregnancy.

Notice of termination of employment
To the Department

of Manpower and Immigration and recognized trade union, in the case of large-scale terminations of employment, at least 8, 12 or 16 weeks, depending on the number of employees affected. To the individual employer, who has at least 3 months of service, at least 2 weeks or equivalent pay.

Severance pay
For employees with at least 5 years of service, not less than 2 days' pay for each year of service, up to a maximum of 40 days' pay.

Garnishment of wages
Prohibition of dismissal for reasons only of garnishment proceedings.

You may need or want more information. We're anxious to provide it. Drop us a line (Ottawa K1A 0J2).



Canada Department of Labour

Ken Bryer, Secretary, Minister
Richard Wilson, Deputy Minister

your *Vieux cordon* / taste unfair," but that it "nevertheless proposes a lavishly alternative view of Canadian history." The mood begins at this mild censure and commensurate at a book which is blatantly wrong, adversely black-and-white in its portrayal of race and events, and steers from cover to cover with distortions. Any correspondence of Berger's book with historical truth is purely coincidental. If Cameron really means what he says about Berger's book, then he knows little or nothing about the history of Canada and had better stick to the teaching of English.

LEWIS CLARK, WINDYKIC

Nearly \$30 million

In his edition on Canadian theatre — *Left Bank: New & For Canadian Theatre* (October) — David Gustafson praises the government for making "thirty-one million in the Canada Council for support of the arts. Well, come in these good words are. I should point out that the sum he mentions is much too high. He was probably thinking of the council's most expensive when it was the last that it would spend \$30 million on the arts this year. Besides assisting the arts, the council also gives extensive support to the humanities and social sciences. In fact, the council expects to spend about \$12 million on the arts during the current year.

GRADUATE TRAFFIC, INFORMATION OFFICE, THE CANADA COUNCIL, OTTAWA

Hello, Bene Viste

I come to you with my quest, foul language, Newfoundlandish complex, so, first of all, praise your half Englishness and secondly, ask why, for the first time. To show that my heart is in the right place (the poor strongest stereotype of course) I would like to sprinkle the petals of the rose about your complex and half Englishness, for the attention of Maclean's a magazine of the finest quality. Really.

But now that I have done my painful duty I must get to the point. Your editor must either be a York, a light, a half wit or a loadergeron dropout. Peter C. Newman has got to be some sort of wit. Your tasteless editors must have witless minds, for brains or a serious case of dementia. Myself, and the rest of your staff I assume to be a respectable company. Why? You may well ask for your comprehension is hardly that of a plant. To emphasize poorheads — "What have you and your staff got

against Newfoundland?" Why? If you are, as you boldly claim, Canada's national magazine, why do you ignore the existence of my native land? Granted half a million is not as large a market in Ontario, but surely you don't let anyone else have an other hand to myself and my fellows. As the many previous instances of maltreatment of which my affected pen has notified you, I again take up the case. In *Phyllis Webb's* Canada (October), my island-Labrador home is again belittled — poetically, yet belittled none the less — by being excluded from the Canadian parentheses.

A minor point. But may I suggest in a more meaningful direction. A different publication, the seemingly good *United Canada And The World* for students of world affairs. Young men who believe what they read in spite of teachers like — well — myself, for instance. In case you question my claim, I'll give you an example of an answer I received in a grade 11 history quiz: "The English Bill of Rights is important because it is the foundation of America's freedom." Or, in the same quiz from a different student: "The Helms Corpus Act was an act to punish American citizens from digital arrest." Tangie? Yes. Answering for a teacher who knows that a certain element of every class sleeps through class and depends solely upon the book? In this case the book is written by a person of American extraction, naturally.

Under a different editor and staff Maclean's once published the following: "In 1950 Canadian television reached the ruling subconscious of Sir John A. Macdonald by complexing a narrowway TV link from Victoria, BC, to Sydney in the Maritimes, a distance of more than 4,000 miles. This great Canada the longest TV network in the world and allowed live television programs to be seen simultaneously anywhere in the country." That was nine years after Canada gradually allowed our admission to Confederation and the article was published almost 12 years after, when Newfoundlanders were beginning to consider separation on social grounds (some never wanted to be a part of the "great Canadian well" although most were and still are proud to flip the maple leaf). Although it is still closing down our services, such as post offices, and cutting us off by increasing the ferry rates, which is against the terms of union, our passenger rail service was replaced with buses (that stole a big chunk of our busline. Budget followers).

But we're only half a million.

No more please. I have to take grammar and bigotry from our southerning brother and his publishers. Must I also lose Canadians? This is my first year teaching and I'm making a lot of mistakes and have a lot to learn but I can't take this insulting ignorance please! No more! I don't want to cancel my subscription to Maclean's, but I'm a man of flesh and blood like any other, and when I'm kicked I hurt.

F. DE EVANS, ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

Adieu, Quebec, adieu

Richard Samson's article, *The French And Politics Of Separation* (October), fails to resolve the benefits that would result from our long-overdue disassociation from Quebec. (1) a truly united Canada, with one official language — English, (2) a better political balance (The West and the Maritime vs Ontario), (3) the adoption of a truly national flag through a national referendum, (4) the use of hundreds of millions of additional tax dollars for the improvement of our provinces rather than the daily appointment of war, and (5) the acquisition of a transportation corridor (the construction of a super railroad and an expressway) through New York and the New England States including Detroit and the Maritimes.

The Ontario-Maine 101-highway corridor must run through the United States. Location in Quebec would result in endless harassment and sabotage. The corridor, including stations and unit train for bulk cargo, would render the St. Lawrence Seaway obsolete. Those who must use it could depend on the U.S. to guarantee its continued operation.

MULDOON PATTERSON, THURSDAY, NB

Skall

In Peter Newman's article on Sweden — *Swedish Sweden* (October) — you write: "...for Swedes want to be everybody where it comes to drinking." The fact is that the annual per capita consumption in litres of alcoholic alcohol of Sweden (18.4) is less than one third of France (23.9), approximately half of West Germany (19.9), Austria (16.0) and Switzerland (15.8), and about two thirds of the U.S. (12.0) and Canada (11.1). Among the Western nations, only the Netherlands (7.7), Finland (5.9) and Norway (5.9) have a lower per capita consumption.

OLAF SALLBERG, TORONTO ■



Photographed on location, South of Ontario

Have it your own way.

We don't make rules. We make rum. Baccardi rum. It's free-spirited. So you can get it together any way you like. Learn it with rum. Liberate your taste buds. Wake up your senses. Surprise your mouth. Sip slowly. What the heck, break out. Break up with Baccardi. White-dry or light-amber. Both listed under Canadian rum.

BACARDI rum



31

Have two kinds of things to say about my country: (A) Since I've been across it and lived in various widely separated parts of it for respectable lengths of time, I might try to say things about all of it. I say "might try" because Canada is not an island and even old Japanese artists who have walked over all the roads of their much more compact country hardly dare to say "all of it." But you might as well try. How about this: Canada is a large endless face made up of 10 fields and two wastelands — one Arctic, the other Metro. My Defensive Driving Manual calls this "making the Big Picture," and if you find this too evocative I can also tell you to the second kind of thing I can say about Canada: (B) Have also been here and lived in just one part of it and lived there a lot. Have lived in southwestern Ontario in what my geography book calls the St. Lawrence Lowlands, the London, Ontario, premier Greg Curran has a good name for it — *Sawtooth*. I look forward to the day, by the way, when the Ontario government puts this up on highway signs rather than the sinister "You are now in the MOIRA secret region." I can see people living and enjoying themselves in a region called *Sawtooth* or *West Canada* West (in 1990 possibly) but *MOIRA* — no! And it is this part of Canada, a very local grain of sand, that I think of as my home. No one gets up every morning saying "Procs see to tes" and "Elmenter Island, PEI, and Down's Creek." No, you get up in the morning and say "yippies" — made in Hong Kong, toaster made in Cleveland, U.S.A., — and bicycled (still manufactured in Canada), a couple of stores, people look viable and vibrant, drink and drive, and that is my nation. B things are very, very local, petty and probably unimportant but I believe that in the US and Canada, despite the pyramids and toaster problem, my roots there.

So, of course, life is filled with both A and B moments. If, however, you go in for too much taking the Big Picture you run something very valuable in the smaller picture. At the present moment, hopelessly unenclosed and undisciplined investigations are on the march. Politicians cheerfully prophesy that the Detroit complex will one day spill into the Tennessee system at London, Ontario? Well, wonderful! And what kind of human will actually succeed in this large mass of freeways and parking lots? London don't know where they are, comforted by such phrases as "global village" and "you can't stop progress," they cheerfully face the prospect

JAMES REANEY'S CANADA

The poetic rubblings of a defensive driver

of a world where all places are the same shopping plaza and all the shoppers are interchangeable units. For some reason or other I can't cheerfully face this prospect. One way to fight it is to "know" where you are, and this means, among other things, your street, your apartment block, your window box, the faces of friends around you. However, there's more I can say here later on. First let's try some.

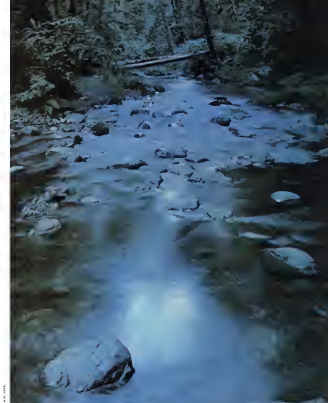
A couple of years ago we were living out near Victoria, BC, and the Windsor Driving School taught me Defensive Driving. Was also trying to write a play about the Donnelly's, the 19th-century Sawtooth family who were murdered by a strike in Reddick township on the night of February 4, 1880. Eventually the time came to go home to London, Ont., to whose southeast some of the arch ways were put on trial and for the first time that could be done in a car. Defensive Driving's second rule is that you must ALWAYS Keep Your EYES Moving. Decided to try this for all aspects of the trip: there had to be some way of thinking so that afterward you would feel that you really had been in all of those places. Otherwise might they not simply blur into each other?

So before leaving Vancouver Island to journey across Canada I walked into Woolworth's and bought (*Mindest Black 173*) a drama marker, a gray black crayon sharpened by uncoiling the paper packed around it; also some loose-leaf binder paper. As we went through places we then could do rubbings of any interesting surfaces we spotted. For example, you are walking down the main street of Lethbridge, you decide that you would like to carry away with you a piece of that urban forever. Knoll down, apply the paper, rub a small square with clean marker, then get up

James Reaney is a poet and playwright who lived in the University of British Columbia in London. His poetry has won three Guy Vanderhaeghe Awards, and his plays have been performed throughout Canada. He is currently working on an anthology of his plays to be published by New Press.

as easily as you can; it's surprising how few people ever notice you. Was he trying his shoe? What you've got on paper now is a square finger print of Lethbridge's chief parking, set down by its mason whose towel cloth are just a bit less regular than those doing the tins of Medicine Hat. On the piece of pathway you can see the pressure of feet passing by for years, visible somewhat when the canvas was wet; you can see the whole town. And there's still room on the paper for three more square fingerprints — Quinsion, Combs and Herby Stuart in Vancouver. The sidewalks of Canada at first glance may seem all alike, but no, they never quite repeat themselves. Some towns have people who leave footprints in the cement, sometimes small and bare, at other times big and fully hooded (Douglas), the graffiti makers are more successful in some places than others — whole messages, full names and drawings (some ambitiously obscure) in Guelph, mixed in with the cement, are pieces of white seedlings in Cornwall. Meanwhile, Reaney's canvas was worked into the first poem, around noon when the pavement has been more recently laid you'll find not treaded shoes but a flash of swirls and flourishes. When I told some people from England that I had been making street rubbings, they advised that I was putting them on. To them rubbing means being rubbed, the results of which are whiskies of shabbies, blouses and the inscriptions on the sides of mugs. I'm sure rubbing does mean this, but in Canada we have in few words and shabbies that we must make do with what we have, particularly if we would like to know the country, prevent it from becoming a blur. If you drive through keep your eyes moving, seeing what there is to be seen, losing nothing that might make for more stories, then what have you accomplished with the drama marker? A leg in Reaney's house. An M contained on the pavement of Medicine Hat that the night everyone was asleep watching the first canoe landing. The fake Verelstien ornament on a Winnipeg grain palace built in 1913. A madhouse left patterned like a steam engine's belt. The grain of the wood in the Suspension Bridge at Beers Narrows. Keller holes in the rocky at Banquo. Wire marks in ancient Ripple Rock near Thunder. A royal sun from a marketplace in Chetumal.

Besides finding a variety of things to touch I found also a wide, wide range of landscapes and people to paint and to talk about. Here are three or four / continued on page 48



There's a new land
waiting to be discovered.
A land for all seasons.



It's also a land of people. Past and present. On a leisurely autumn afternoon's walk through our cobbled streets, you'll see many of us living as our fathers did before us. And their fathers before them. On a mild winter's evening, when everything is calm, you'll hear us chatting inside our cozy pubs.



You can go to a feast in a medieval castle. Or fresh spring mornings, you'll see our people taking us from the colorful harbours that dot our coastline. And whole families exploring quiet channels lined with trees and hidden away spots that invite you to stop and rest awhile.



It's called the British Isles.

We want you to have the grandest holiday you've ever had.

In England, we'll take you through castles where medieval kings and Queens lived in fabulous splendour. And stately houses, which Lords still do. We'll tell you our tales in country-side pubs. Play our music in formal ballrooms. Show you our Gardens in London's King's Road. And our works of art in the National Gallery.

In Scotland, we'll invite you for golf on the finest course in Scotland (or anywhere, for that matter) St. Andrews. Walk with you through the pine, sweet air of the highlands. Ski with you. Fish with you. And get to know you.

In Northern Ireland, we'll take you cruising through our coves, quiet lakesides. Exploring in our centuries-old cathedrals. Staying in our pubs. Sipping our ale, dancing our dances. You'll love it. So will we.

In Wales, we'll hold a banquet for you in a medieval castle. Serve you a freshly-caught lobster in a seaside cafe. Take you for a ride in a 100 year old train. Or in a boat made of leather, called a coracle.

To help you decide where to start, we'll send you our informative booklet: *How Many Britons, absolutely free*.

Write: The British Tourist Authority,
Box 430, Downstowe, Oxford.

Fly to Britain and look us over on our international routes. BOAC has daily flights from Toronto and Montreal to London, Glasgow and Manchester. And low excursion fares to save you money. Your Travel Agent in charge everything.

Or come. We'll be waiting for you.

BOAC THE BRITISH
TOURIST AUTHORITY



For people with a taste for something better.



ALL CANADA WANTS FOR CHRISTMAS IS ITSELF

That is, what's left of us, since the new Neonomics have underlined how little we own, and how much it matters

Champ Clark put a more brazenly than Richard Nixon, but it came to the same thing. Clark, when he was Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives, declared, "I hope to see the day when the American flag will float over every square foot of the British North American possessions clear to the North Pole." That was in 1911, and Clark died in 1921, disappointed in his hope. He might have retired earlier had he known that 50 years later an American president, Richard Nixon, would still be fighting the good fight. While President Nixon doesn't want to fly the American flag up here, he has launched a trade war against Canada with a seriousness of purpose that Clark, an erratic chap (he was a devoted admirer of William Jennings Bryan, for one thing), might have envied.

First there was a surcharge of 10% on all imports to the U.S., a body blow to our exporters, calculated to cost Canada 90,000 jobs over a six-month period. That was followed by a stiff warning from Paul Volcker, U.S. undersecretary of the Treasury, that we'd better not try to do anything about the surcharge if we knew what was good for us. Volcker said that if a Canadian bill to provide \$80-billion support for firms threatened by the new tax was judged to be a form of retaliation his government would take counter-measures.

There were other overt acts, too. One was a system of tax credits to companies who buy U.S.-made production equipment, a move that will effectively block Canadian firms from competing against them. Then there was the DISC (for Domestic International Sales Corporations) program, under which American companies in the export trade will be able to defer indefinitely payment of income tax on the proceeds from

half their foreign sales, and let any Canadian firm try to compete with that. Finally, there was a "shopping list," carefully leaked to the *Chicago Tribune*, of what the Americans wanted before they would stop revising our trade. The list looked like a bill for war reparations, and included unilateral tariff cuts by Canada and expansion of the auto-trade pact to include used cars.

Then Canada turned back and let fly. Our Secretary of State for External Affairs, Mitchell Sharp, laid it on the line: "The next move," he said, "is up to the United States." Eat your heart out, Champ Clark.

Well, why? Why is Canada so tense, backward and slow to respond when our trade, our entire economy is threatened? Because so much of that economy is no longer under Canadian control. Our richest, most vigorous firms, those in the manufacturing and resource industry sectors, are largely foreign-owned. Ontario can't prosecute a trade war for the simple reason that our shock troops won't fight. Instead, for the two crucial months after the new Neonomics were announced on August 15, we hunched and grovelled. We sent a troupe of cabinet ministers to Washington to beg for special favors that we knew in advance would be refused, we kept insisting we wanted no part of a trade war that had already started, and we only began to react when it seemed to be much too late.

The lesson is clear: the issue for us today boils down to one question — do we still have enough independence left to decide our economic future?

On the following pages Maclean's will attempt to measure not so much what has gone from Canada as what remains. What follows is an audit of ourselves, an inventory of our independence.

BY WALTER STEWART

CANADA'S INDEPENDENCE INVENTORY:

the cupboard is ours, but the stock is fast becoming theirs

Every bottle in the Canadian pure cupboard at right represents a key sector of Canada, and if you examine the contents carefully you'll find two facts leap out. The first is that Canadians still firmly control some key sectors of their native land. According to the most recent report — that for 1968 — compiled under the Corporations and Labor Union Returns Act, we hold 71% of investment companies, 81% of public utilities, 69% of retail trade. But the second clear fact is that the richest, fastest-growing sectors of our economy are controlled by outsiders. We own 94% of agriculture, forests, fishing and trapping; they own 95% of the booming petroleum and products industry (They, it must be said, own three quarters of all assets controlled by the government, are Americans — a concentration that makes the foreign ownership more ominous than if it were shared.) We own industries, such as those in the financial sector, protected by law; they have a strong and growing grip on everything else. Even the way we look at ourselves is slipping under foreign domination. Newspapers, television and radio are protected by law, but where there is no such restriction outsiders are crowding in. Increasingly, Canadian universities are being taken over by foreign-born teachers; Canadian book publishing threatens to disappear under the onslaught of outside control; almost twice as many magazines sold in Canada are U.S. products than are Canadian. The foreign grip is tightening, inevitably, because it is concentrated in our most powerful and profitable companies. In 1968, 400 Canadian corporations reporting accounted for only 3% of all Canadian firms in terms of numbers, but they controlled 37% of all assets, made 35% of all sales, and cleared 41% of all profits. The implications are obvious: unless we act soon, the cupboard at right may be entrusted by one all-encompassing label — Product of the U.S.A.

/ continued on page 37



EARLY MORNING AFTERTHOUGHTS

BY ROBERT MARKLE

Gordon Lightfoot and the Canadian Dream

Gordon Lightfoot is the well-known international songwriter. Robert Markle is the well-known Canadian painter. The author is a city boy who has decided to live in the country. The subject is a country boy who has decided to live in the city. The author has a reputation for being famous outside Toronto. They're good buddies and spend their time within a circle of friends. The friends see each other only occasionally now but, as Markle says, "Getting together is better than being together." What happens when such individuals get together is very much a story about this country and one of the most evocative profiles Markle's has published.

So I shook off some city and moved north from Toronto into a quiet corner of fields, green and greenfields, ripe and winter wheat, skin with the energy and spine of El Genco, rustic like Elsenide, Egmont, Hecanomy, Barnack, Glenly and Egmont, and the Beaver Valley striding the Niagara Escarpment up to the Blue Mountains, passing for the 30th century, then dipping into the southern shore of Georgian Bay. Egmont Township catches the western edge of this disturbance by the shore, and that's my farm place.

It's marked clear as a township survey map from earlier times, a small square dot against blazed oak. Built in 1836 by a Canadian nobody known and lived to first by James Gordon Lightfoot, small farmer. It is on 180 acres, set out of a 40-acre swamp, out of the Queen's lands, near the town of Holbrook, wooden shacks on the city streets of Upper Canada. This house was made of stone and mortar and had by five birds, feet-thick walls, each window an oval — the oval wall pushing through the workmanship to the outer ledge. The window pane is city glass. This house grows out of all our fields and hills and country dreams. It's a farmhouse.

I live in it now. It has eight rooms and two barns that have a way of showing a cultural distance from the Volvo station wagon, Bombardier Ski-doo and BSA Firebird inside there. I don't know much about James Gordon except he made extra money tax collecting for the township and was a big star at some dances. There is a Fisher Rhodes electric piano and an S18-5052 stereo sound system in the front room he once rented tax returns in. It only with couldn't talk. But they do and I don't escape him.

The Volvo turns right, past to the east concession,

south through Holbrook, past the blacksmith's and Phoebe's General Store. (He'll open on Sunday for you), past the creek of the River Sangre to the town of Mount Forest, on to the Mount Royal Hotel and the good boys in the street's eye.

Here we are doing just this, city-friend Tom Holby and me off to the pub, the summer sun shining through beverage-room windows, the walls decorated with fiddlers from five magazine and old rules from the Liquor Control Board. And there is Billy MacPhee sitting under a hand-drawn photograph of Jersey Joe Walcott, his glass empty. We sit and talk, weather, land, the sky and all the cowboys and walk back at night this afternoon. On across the cold beer. We'll get the one, Billy. The faces around us are red with the history of Canadian wine and seasons.

Billy MacPhee was born on a kitchen table in a big house that has since been abandoned. The MacPhees were original householders from Glasgow, Scotland, and 20 years ago Billy moved into a 10-room Ontario brick house to live alone. He has never married and says most of the MacPhees are "gone . . . under the ground." And with a glance to the table, but with sweat and beer, he goes, "I drink and chase woman now." Yes, Mr. MacPhee, bartender, having packed 20 75-pound bags of potatoes that morning and Ontario Red, through house and the equally-eyed look of a Mexican of keeping it all to yourself. "You should come over sometime," I say, and that's the best talking. "I'm at the old Glendale place. On the seventh," he reads his hand in recognition. It makes me feel that he's visited my house before.

Later that night, my wife is shaking me. Robert, Robert, there's somebody here (it's pink black and) and Tom and I are summoned from our kitchen table, the Chives Regal, the Golden, the moon, the left. It's Billy MacPhee at the door with Bob's looking, taller now and drinker, and the dog is edgy, the woman darts scared. So scared that they leave for the upstairs bedrooms whispering one word. We are left alone. Tom and Billy and me wondering what to say to each other.

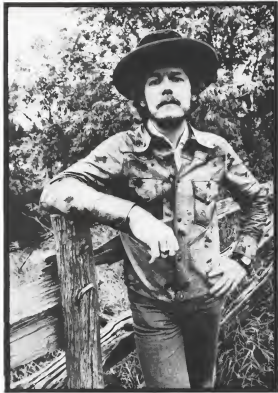
"Look, I promised you a drink of good Scotch . . . get yourself outside of that." And he says the Chives Regal.

"There's Scotch in that," he says from the oak Wood bar chair, and starts at the summer kitchen back toward the old poetry as if he's been here before.

Tom and I continue the heavy talk about Canada and at while Billy explains his Scotch with the cream sherry he had brought with him (brings his own booze). A second change and Gordon Lightfoot sings Talking in Your Sleep, the Song says lead and Billy greets, says, "Hold it, don't talk, listen to this, listen to this, you know, that's good music, that's more . . . yes . . . ah, yes . . ."

Antenna picks Gord Lightfoot and me into an executive jet, looking, gently correcting the back, we fly into a late afternoon sky from the Toronto airport, and soon I can see my concession, rolling and becoming flat below. Gord is sitting in a linen suit on rock in a western Canadian bar. He's wearing a leather coat that was given to him by singer Jerry Jeff Walker, and a Caracolite-vision-made cowboy hat he bought in Hollywood from Nedie the famous western tailor who once had a machine gun turret on his custom Cadillac. Gord was once from Grills and a group, faded photo shows him in a hooded Car Country hood. But Lightfoot has become the living distance between Country Music and Carnegie Hall. Between me and Billy MacPhee. We're sitting having a talk.

"Ah yes, well I liked it . . . I was honored when



Elvin sang *Early Morning Rain*. That was good ... we've had words you know ..."

The mothers shift for some higher purpose and they shift beautifully ("You get what you pay for"). While Irish dance goes by without a note.

"I at this country, I go to the Maritimes. The money isn't that good, man. And it's hard to get there. The concerts are booked. The hotel paper sends no one, no one to cover the concert. That takes me all. The sounds are going down. There's good news, good. It should be covered. Don't take me for granted."

One song dips and her microphone an engine bursts into flame. Gord says that's okay.

"... well, the CRIC did absolutely nothing for me, I didn't need it, absolutely nothing ... and I don't like it. They are nice, you mean. Canadian content is fine if you're not dead ... well, but I'm in the music business and I have a huge American audience. I'm going to do Carnegie Hall for the second time. I like to record down there, but I like to live up here. I really dig this country, but I'm not going to bring out any flags. I'm an entertainer. I'm in the music business."

It is another realization, in Regina this time, and Lightfoot has been in some only two hours. He's preparing for the evening and now is in the midst of a frantic nighting of things. The phones are ringing, messages left, radio interviews, everybody waiting in on his act. As usual, nothing is right ("He's all in the arena") and he goes through the familiar motions of making this half his own.

The concert is over, the lights go up and that part of the dream is over. The applause ripples warmly to the stage, and requests spotlight others to thank, then the hall is downstage bright, and Lightfoot sits amid the grateful din of backstage release, the scenes disappearing into the party and good time just passed, and the good time to come, before he has to do it all over again in Calgary. We drink a few beers, bid fare, back out from that anxiety under slowly drinks to a small address, less, working, a small overview of the time, friends, tape recordings, light-up children, small gifts with the barest of sexual smiles, and women with those different questions that they seem to have now behind their eyes — and new guitar players, and those who just like to listen and then have a chance to say so.

Gord finishes his beer and returns to the stage, sits at its edge, and as a male dual answers all questions, signs the record albums and wags of paper, talks and lets the evening end. This is a good moment. They look up and he looks down. The concert was a shared thing, they are together, star is sharing, the polite quiet chat after the event. Wonderful.

Early morning fade is in another place. A photographer is taking some pictures for the cover of Canada's national magazine and we find an Antenne Radio on a pebble grass here. Later, in an antique shop, the owner shows up to accommodate the picture session. She quietly calls her son and he arrives with a friend. The boys spend their time seemingly detached, great attention to the old pine and maple furniture. It's a fine moment for them here. In Gordon Lightfoot's space. They're here with him, and the owner says, not wanting to disturb, just approaching being here. Just having the afternoon happen for them, the camera clicking, the light leaving, Gordon sitting and strumming. The little

audience is showing total restraint, showing respect by hinging back, afraid to invade a hero's privacy. Gord leaves the shop and nobody says good-bye. He leaves thinking he wasn't recognized. He was.

A long time ago Gord and I used to walk along Silver Street in Toronto, the short skirts and flares of flesh showing painful pains of dance through us. He'd talk about some new movie he had in his head and we'd shoot some pool, up some beer.

The talk would take us to the Pilot Tavern and would be filled with the ambience you have for yourself and your work when you become part of the big city. There was real energy in the back room of the Pilot then. On the night day the friends would be together: Graham Goughy, Gord Rayner, Donny Rogers, Mike Snow, Michael Morrison, John O'Keefe, Harvey Green, Don Sebastian ...

Harold Veen would stop in sometimes and want to take one of us outside. He had a habit of calling us "the world's oldest, floating water garden in the history of art."

Lightfoot across the table, up and over the top of the bar to enjoy. In the Pilot's darkness the most beautiful of scenes is the world's oldest, most part of the energy in the air. Ah, the stories they could tell you.

Five moments. Fred Varley shows up one day and takes a table alone by the door. The Group of Seven used to show alone the street years ago and you remember that this has been an artist's bar long before any of us were the main squeeze. The heavyweights in the back room don't seem so heavy with Varley up front. Rayner and I remember that it is his eighteenth birthday, we'd need it somewhere, and maybe this had to do with why he was in, sitting alone by the door.

We get it together, leave the Golden, and walk up to his table "Happy birthday, Mr. Varley." He looks up and as something goes on over his red pole too. "Why, thank you," he says, taken completely by surprise. We left early and for days.

Five moments. Locked in the pub overnight to put up Christmas decorations. I pause a moment at the bar, the moment catches up to me. The finger-bikes' chimes. Morning comes, nothing is done. All the beautiful scenes in the world arrive and it starts over again. The movie they could tell.

But all this passed, all those times when we had time, the Pilot is gone now, moved to newer premises, sure, but gone really. And now, Grossman's, another bar, swaps with the memory of time having so too quickly. There's not a touch of grey in my friend's hair, and the girls are somewhere less lively ... and Gord's new terms can't be heard over the din of Toronto traffic ... and all that is passed.

The last time Lightfoot and I went for a beer together, a girl approached our table, and we all sat down to talk. The girl seemed to know what we thought of "The French-Canadian problem," while we were staring one her hair and Gord was gulping his beer down, no time to up. Everything seemed to self-conscious and it wasn't the same anymore. The friends were elsewhere. Our times weren't synchronized anymore. Gord had these external demands that success brings, and by moving the country and wanting the city once, occasionally I had a row on my hands in the Pilot, Gord gulping, we upping, the girl bringing us joy. "Let's get out all beer and go up in my apartment," Gord says.

/ continued on page 26

YOU CAN STILL TELL A MAN BY HIS HANDS



This lesson was originally titled *The Last Of The Great Artists*, or something funnier like that. Maclean's had decided to produce a romantic eulogy about the disappearance of craftsmanship in rural Canada. Our visit to the heartland proved to us that we were trying to sell yet another popular notion from the American flag culture. Things may be sad in the States, but everything is just wonderful in the provinces. Herewith eleven ironic reasons why it's just fine being a Canadian. We're all right, Sam.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST EHRIGHT



STUART SMITH
QUADROON
CHATEAU, NEW SCOTIA
Stuart Smith, 30, 495, lives the life and sleep his great grand father used in Chester. Way back in 1848. But you won't catch him. Smith living a household as if anything like that. He has become well known in the district for his enough-rich work and it's his wife who has made the real skill of large wheeling. One I imagine doing anything else. He says.



W. LAWRENCE ALLEN
BOATBUILDER
LUNenburg MOVA GOOTIA

The Allens of Lunenburg go back so many generations they is not counting anymore. They've always been fishermen, and Lawrence, now 74, still works his way up to the jobsides of first mate of the famous schooner Bluenose. Back in 1961 when the local dory builder was slowly going out of business

and they were trying around here that the age of the wood boat was over. Lawrence comes along and fixes the business over just like that. Today he's famous for his dory design and ship repairs. His dories are in use all the way to the West Indies, California and New Zealand. "Business is just swell!"



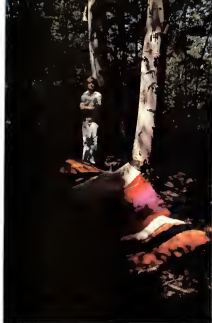
**EDGAR MOSCH
GUITAR MAKER
SCARBOROUGH, ONTARIO**

During World War II Edgar Mosch was a brilliant German aircraft engineer. After the war he passed judgment on the technology of war and went to Sweden to study gun or marking. Over the years his reputation grew and today he is recognized as one of the finest guitar craftsmen in the world. His classical guitars are considered masterpieces. The masterpieces have come from his workshop in Scarborough for some time, but he plans to return to Germany soon.



**MARKETTE ROUSSEAU-VERMETTE
WEAVER
STE. ADOLPHE, QUEBEC**

The rich colors of the Laurentians will pass the studio window of M. Rousseau-Vermette and inside the master weaver can be seen working at one of the several looms which produce what looms of earlier generations would have referred to as tapestries or tapestries. She calls them her "pieces". If you want to have a closer look at some of her pieces, visit the Montreal Arts and Crafts Centre in Ottawa or the John F. Kennedy Memorial Centre in Washington and take a long, appreciative glance at the results.





**AGEL COLLECTION
SHOWS HOW MAKERS
ST AUGUST QUERBEC**

If you live in the country of
Quebec, you are all set
for snowmobile. He makes them
the way the Indians and other
counties do from the two
centuries ago — with men and
methods and is said that he
cannot really explain to you in
the words of his Quebecois
paul. His snowmobiles are best
understood by the way in which
his hands show respect for
and knowledge of his materials.
He works often in a shop
adjoining his small house.

**JACK LINES
POTTER
REGINA, SASKATCHEWAN**

The making of pots by baking
clay in different grades of
furnaces and glazes is an art that
has been with us for more than
1000 years. Jack Lines, 27,
who is originally from Manitoba
but now teaches ceramics at the
University of Saskatchewan
in Regina, is one of the
country's outstanding potters.
He has studied in Europe
and has had exhibits of his work
all across Canada. He has no
idea, says, a very good one.



**IAN H. CROWELL
POTTER
FREDRICKTON
NEW BRUNSWICK**

Ian Crowell, 67, who once
taught manual training in New
Brunswick, who once worked as a
doctor in Ontario, who
Hawthorne, who once was the
director of the University for the
province of New Brunswick
went to England in April to study
pottery. "I did it because no
one else in the country seemed
to be doing much in the field."
He is now one of the few men
around who knows how to get
pottery and does it as he learned.
The only men in North America
who do pottery welding, a
particularly delicate task.





LUKE LINDSE
CARPENTER
WEDDING HAT ALBERTA

Luke Lindse works in his studio with a view of the South Saskatchewan River. His rustic pots and sculptures, using a mixture of gas, hand tool and occasionally brushes at the University of Alberta. He is considered one of the very best in the West.

ROBERT DAVIDSON
CARVER
INDIANWOOD
BRITISH COLUMBIA

Robert Davidson, 55, is to the mountain town. He grew up in the Heale Indian community of Marmet, Quatre Charities, Canada, and at age 15 was taught to carve by his father. Together they would fashion objects out of argillite, the black soft stone of the area. David's hands so soon moved, guided by the carved-out Heale tradition of carving. It is only during events of enormous importance that a Heale finds the urge to carve in token form. Robert Davidson recently returned to Marmet to help the community to acquire the village, a first in 50 years.

JOHN BEIGHT
CARPENTER
COLLIERVILLE ONTARIO

John Beight, 46, has over a period of 24 years, creating built himself a reputation for making the very best church organs. He works in a converted schoolhouse in this small village near London, designing his own organs and installing them for churches across the province. When I work I play Bach. I am obsessed by Bach, he says, and goes on working.



FELMER EXAMOR
SADDLEMAKER
WICHITA, ALBERTA

In the Western world, sitting on an English saddle is just about as high as you can get. This is what he has designed and shaped by his own hands and all made by hand by his own hands. He has been making saddles for 30 years at his high level of skill. He has been making saddles for 30 years at his high level of skill. He has been making saddles for 30 years at his high level of skill. He has been making saddles for 30 years at his high level of skill.



THE NHL, A THING OF CORPORATE BEAUTY

BY WILLIAM CAMERON

It's not whether you win or lose,
it's how much you return on stockholders' equity.

The Queen Elizabeth hotel on Deschamps Street in Montreal is affiliated with the chain of Conrad Hilton hotels. On the wall of the lobby, next to the line of cash registers, there is a little glass plate, behind which is displayed the brochure of every Hilton hotel in the world. From the San Francisco Hilton to the Raffles Hilton and the Hiltons in London and Bangkok. The Queen Elizabeth, then, is a very modern hotel. And so, like other modern hotels, it is not so much a place for businessmen to stay as a place for businessmen to stay and do their business in. It is, in fact, an immense headquarters with beds, a restaurant, a suite removed and different from the city that surrounds it. Many businessmen find this atmosphere of corporate security extremely reassuring, secure conversation. In fact, here have been known to take thousands of dollars from the Montreal airport to the Queen Elizabeth hotel, to meet their business within it for days at a time. And then take the businessmen back to the airport without ever having returned beyond the cool touch of Hilton air-conditioning and the sweet, controlledinkle of Hilton ice cubes in Hilton glasses.

In this atmosphere, last June 7 to 10, the owners, managers, publicists, coaches, lawyers and accountants of the National Hockey League met for their annual convention. It was held on that floor of the Queen Elizabeth reserved for meetings of the kind, but although many conventions are seen in an offensively sophisticated locale for the consumption of liquor and uplifting speeches, the atmosphere of the NHL convention was deliberately tame. For the results of the race to become of the week, the players' draft, would affect, directly and perhaps drastically, the outcome of the games to be played in the current hockey season. At the same time, and on the same

floor, there was a meeting of port and humor executives, who played deviously with a large-scale model of a device to transfer cargo from ships to trains, and a gathering of mysterious businessmen in hats who held a private series of discussions behind large, locked, window doors. There was a fragrance of money and secrecy in the air.

The sports writers, who attend this convention every year in strength, gathered immediately at the hospitably scented, which a conversation language for "free hire." The sports writers, as they always do, knew everything that was going to happen and everything that could not possibly happen at the convention. John Robertson, a sports columnist for the Montreal Star, started into his drink beside the press-striped awning above the bar and said, "The National Hockey League is a business like any other business. Well, not exactly. It's one big corporation with 14 branch offices and no head office, and every year the guys from the branch offices show up here and look each other over. The junior staff of the teams all sit around and get smashed and talk about the days they played hockey, and the owners all sit around with their lawyers and look at the field and try to figure out how to stop the other owners cutting their guys out."

It was this gut cutting that was the real point to the National Hockey League convention, and even now, on the morning of the first day of the meeting, everyone looked as if he had a knife up his sleeve. For every year at the National Hockey League convention, the owners' and managers' gathering in a large room to draw players — managers and those professionals who are not considered absolutely indispensable to the team that owns them — and this draft, in great part, controls the flow of new talent and

disposal of old talent around the league. The arrangement of talent affects the arrangement of strength between the clubs, and that affects the performance of the clubs, and that in turn affects the box-office receipts of the clubs, and that in final here affects profits. And that is why the owners bring their lawyers and accountants along, in case of ambush.

There were those, of course, who did not feel that any of it made any difference. In one corner of the hospitality room, beside the neglected silver coffee urn, a guy from a New York newspaper, who gave the impression that he had been around, was disbelieving the talk. "Nothing's going to happen here anyway. Look, you got four drafts, right? The interleague, where the major-league clubs draft from the minors — and they can only draft one player from each minor-league club. The athlete-league draft, where the majors draft from each other — they're already protecting the players, everybody wants. The reserve draft, where the minor teams draft from the majors, and nothing's happening there. And the amateur draft, which is the real draft for the new kids, and everybody knows who's going to get the good ones. It's like a big ceremony. It doesn't make any difference, but it makes people feel important."

"Cmp," said one of the kids. "You can do a lot of damage to a club with this kind of draft. You remember Watson, a couple of years back? He got snatched in the draft?"

"Well, he was drafted," said the guy who had been around.

The reason for this discussion is that in its present form the draft is a relatively new procedure, only four years old, set up in 1967, the same year the league expanded from six teams to 12. This expansion was undertaken in a / continued on page 83

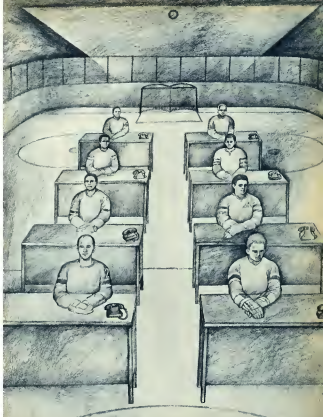


ILLUSTRATION BY LARRY D. BELL

NORTH COUNTRY PASSING

BY ANDREI VOSNESENSKY

Impressions from the diary of a great Russian poet's journey across Canada

Canada is horizontal. Only a comparatively narrow strip above the American border is populated. Like a layer of cream on a jug of milk. Or as in the landscapes of Rurik — a strip of earth and an expanse of sky. This sky is overcast above Canada, tinted rosily to the pole — green sky of summer and white of winter. "The white geometry of winter" — as Robert Ford says so purely and accompanied by in his verses. I caught both summer and winter in Canada.

Winter Canadians — all wear rubber overboots. The overboots are huge black galoshes with zippers. The pedestrians are hunched like at Sunday mass. The overboots stick in the whitish-red mud.

My notebook is the same whitish-red color. It lost its cover long ago from being carried in my pocket. Its edges have swelled and shredded — almost to pulp. In it are half-obliterated notes, sketches, the latest catchwords: "Woman's Lib," "Grass in Class" — about all, my details about Canada are vanishing space so little is written about Canada here. In the notebook. / continued on page 64

*A raccoon snack
by the where
was my reading
A feather coat
perfectly fitted
like a jacket's front
took a seat on the balcony
I still remember, that Russian felt
dying for the light to go out,
her jaw-breaking yawn
like an acrobat doing the splits
She stretched languidly,
Boris's La Belle Dame,
and put out her gaze
like the legs of a rhino-hoof*

*Old Scot-Paw and Philo
understand me without translation —
because poetry's not
in the grammar, but in the gut*



One of the finest Canadian whiskies this country has ever tasted.

Liqueur?
Perhaps,
but...



Southern Comfort
Deliciously different. Whether
Sams people up it to a
liquor, mix it on the rocks
But there's much more to
Southern Comfort.
It's made from real fruit
making a real taste for your
mouthwater. Old fashioned
Coke — is best for almost
any drink you want to name
in delicious deliciousness
for health.

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Beverly Hills, California
Beverly Hills, California
Beverly Hills, California

The world's most revolutionary lighter. From \$17.95

The "Solid-State" lighter that works
every time. No fuel. No wick. No battery.
All it needs is clean business fuel.



Inside, there's an amazing, indestructible ceramic element. When you
press the thumbpiece, it creates a 15,000 volt spark that ignites the fuel.
The element won't wear out — it'll still work like lightning thirty years
from now.

This Maruman model costs from \$17.95 is cheap, up to \$29.95 in the
gold plate. When did you last hear of such great gifts at gift prices?

Maruman Available at leading department, jewelry and home stores
distributed by Simon Gift Company Ltd.

MY CANADA from page 18
recepts from my diary and sketch
book which show you a scene on
Long Beach, Vancouver Island, then
Quatsino Beach on the same island,
then a road in Alberta, rest a beach
in Minnesota and, last, a street scene
in evening in Marquette, a pulp town
on Lake Superior
1969

10 July Cox Point near Long Beach.
Blow for you point women, footmen,
surf just in front. Cheap? Green,
green mountain wearing a big cap
and an Indian family walking off
down the beach, their blue, brown
and yellow raincoats reflected in
the wet sand plus it's pouring outside.

9 July A family on the beach at
Quatsino. Fat-backed grandmother,
dog, red-and-white beach towel
spread out over a rock — good,
new house in there. Eggplants
beach. Quiet protected bay. Logs.
Yellow sweater girl. Kid in green
trunks. Tennis court overgrown
with — do that later. Don't move
very much, please, and don't look
for me.

15 July At one corner of the moat
park is pointed a large black and
white rabbit. He is nibbling a cal-
culation last. My eyes go back and
forth between him and the shore on
the mountains we have just come
through.

23 July ... at Clear Lake Bigger,
cheaper man physiognomy than we've
seen before. Could lead to bus
manipulation, waiting, wait for
Wieners, get looking to be so gen-
erous with the seat allowance for
Vancouverites?

1 August Several boats at the Egyp-
tian Room (Marquette) water, just
out(?) as Marquette. No building
over 20 years old apparently. All
planned — new church, so I stand
with the sketch pad propped up on
the back of a car, the local kids
poke out of the recreation center.
The houses, the church, the stores
are painted the colors of the sweet
ers the kids wear. A low cloud
riding just outside of town a low
purple mountain peaks to stuff. The
manhole lids were made in Fort
Weller.

When I look at these diary frag-
ments and the journey they represent
I hear someone saying, "But what do
they tell me about your Canada?"
Sorry, I can't wrap it up now with a
point or two because when you cross
the country trying to take the time
there, there come in you and see
your diary and sketchbook a whole
bunch of little things — footprints in
pavement, then different faces, street
scenes, the smell of yellow growing
continued on page 51



Timeless, flawless Smirnoff Vodka.
Stands by itself yet mixes with what-
ever matches your mood. Who knows where,

or when you'll get together with Smirnoff.
But you can be sure that it
is the Vodka that will fit the occasion best.

Smirnoff It leaves you breathless.

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Keep your memories fresh forever.

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BELL & HOWELL DUAL 480 projects both Super 8 and Regular 8. Its Zoom lens lets you show movies any size you want. Just by pressing a button you get instant replay. And you can slow down the film and see slow motion as you would your subject! New, drop in Cartridge Loading, for easy access and film protection.



BELL & HOWELL FILMOSOUND 8 The camera-recording projector kit for singing, laughing, crying. Making movies. The Filmosound 800 Cassette Tape Recorder plugs into Filmosound Super 8 fully automatic cameras for simultaneous film and sound recording. Then plugs into the Filmosound Projector for perfectly synchronized picture and sound playback — right in your living room.



BELL & HOWELL AUTOLOAD 888 Projector, brighter, better Super 8 movies. Thinks automatically. Backs up to any point for a review. Or erases completely for a long, clear look. Quiet. And compact.



FT. The unique 35mm SLR system designed for professionals. Over 40 lenses. More than 150 accessories. Total compatibility. Full aperture and stop-down metering. 1/2000 second shutter speed. Full EE capability and Canon Auto Tuning system.



FTb. Through-the-lens centre spot metering system. Over 20 interchangeable lenses. Quick Loading Film mechanism. 1/1000 shutter speed. Over accessories for photography and cinematography as well as the Canon Auxiliary Beam Finder.



FTb. An advanced version of the Canon FT. Takes both the FT and FT series of lenses. Has full aperture and stop-down metering. Features automatic exposure lock photography — SLR exclusive in its price range.



CANON AUTO ZOOM 518. The family camera. Easy to handle. Completely automatic. 5 to 1 electric power Zoom right at your fingertips. A tele-converter can boost the zoom range up to 8-1. Cartridge Loading. Compatible with Filmosound 8.



BELL & HOWELL FOCUSMATIC 375. Super 8. Power Zoom. Built-in eye. And through-the-lens viewing. The Focusmatic actually measures the distance from you to your subject — and focuses itself automatically.



BELL & HOWELL AUTOLOAD 374. A super little Super 8. With zoom lens. Optical viewfinder. Adjustable eye-piece. And drop-in cartridge loading. A great start to movie making.



THE QL17. A high performance 35mm rangefinder camera with day and night electronic EE shooting capability. Comes with fast 1/1.7 lens. The QL10. Same camera with 1/1.0 lens. Both cameras can be operated manually when special creative effects are desired. And all Concept Flash Units automatically adjust the camera for perfect day and night pictures. You don't have to fiddle with any numbers.



CANOMET 28. A compact 35mm electric eye camera with built-in rangefinder. Just focus and press the shutter for perfect pictures. Day and night. A fast 1/5.8 lens gives brilliant sharpness.

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CANON AUTO ZOOM 514. A high level Super 8 camera for professional-looking home movies. 8-1 Power Zoom, plus easy manual zooming for take-ins and take-outs. 4 film speeds. Reflex viewing. Cartridge Loading. Compatible with Filmosound 8.



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MY CANADA continued

by the sun — and all different! There were different kinds of light, different ways of walking, different persons! Different — if you looked for it! We tried to increase the variety by zig-zagging across the prairie — from Manitoba, then up to North Saskatchewan territory of the Red and Milk country; then down into Manitoba to Pelican Lake and Pilot Mound up again to Winnipeg. The strategy resulted in the feeling that underneath the modern world of French lines or English-style fish and chips there lies another quite remote world — quiet and tragic. Pound-musky grove, horse-drawn wagons on the roads there, suddenly, the rough cement over the concrete grave of the Indians barged into the wilderness by the North Saskatchewan River, the whole slope down to this river at Battle and the narrow farm creek with their looking dog along the river road. In British Columbia we would find a further consequence of similar weather level under the traffic lights and drapings of a mountain town, Colville, we were looking for the grave of Nanua Carroll, one of the vigilantes involved in the Denroby murder. I mentioned earlier. He left Saskatchewan years before we did, but unlike our bushes, remains somewhere out there. Where? As we travelled we could always ask that, at this where ... at that time, then? And of course we were always saying — in the way it feels, looks, smells — now. So — to finish up A and taking the Red Picket — look back yourselves on all the things, names, faces, places and fragments I have mentioned. My country is the sort of place where I can truthfully remind you that if you were able to look into any diary and photo-books (which you aren't) you would find hundreds and hundreds more.

Before I start up B there are some dark, disconcerting things I noticed. All that I've talked about was made possible by a car, and the car works both ways, for and against the place we live in. Now that I've learned to drive I sense that a great many people I meet in Canada are "driving" all the time. They apply their driving patterns (and they're not defensive only to conversation, discussion, politics, meetings, the ways they "get ahead") The chaos, the rhythm of use from the way of using things — CAR, and its faster versions, though I hope the family get place is still around the corner. This creates another country where the daily things I've been discussing hardly show up at all. Most BLUR Most BLUR Most BLUR traffic lights (must be a large town, this one) that is what Canada quite often really is. Only if you can create some

sort of gross current, a current in your life that crosses the very necessary road and car — does the other country I'm talking about show up. If enough of us don't start this sort of thing — getting out of the car both visible and visible that has become so important to us — then Canada could become (n't) a very dull place to live in. Now for B.

Earlier I said that B things about my country see very local, even petty, but that they also involve, besides a couple of streets, people both visible and (usually) I think everyone in the neighborhood they live in has a landmark, a favorite sound or object that makes the place home for them. It can be everything from a red mean sign saying SNOWFLAKE PASTRY to a flying sign to the sound of traffic past a particular building. Not far away from my street there's a small white frame cottage with a front door painted a particular shade of light yellow. Most of the year you just see the door, but in July, August, September there's a bed of marigolds in front of the veranda, these marigolds are the precise shade of light "white" yellow the door is. Whoever planned this, although I'll never meet them, is a friend and neighbor. Such countrymen are to be found for the walking, or sometimes just looking out a window.

Already something very local and small, a front porch and some marigolds, has grown into something much larger than a glass of sand, something out of which good places to live are

built. Let me show you how the local front door painted yellow connects up in a different way, this time with an invisible person in my home I have a book called *The Collected Poems of Isabella Valery Crawford*, published at the turn of the century by (label) Ryerson Press. She was a poet who lived and wrote up above her uncle's store on King Street, Toronto, and she has the following:

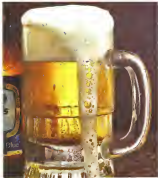
*Love — has its own rain,
(It own peculiar rain,
All its own great details,
on which do lie
The sun, the moon, the stars,
all seen at once
and never rising,
but all shining straight
into the faces of the earth —
The one beloved, the lover
and sweet love.*

When I think of this passage in which everything around you turns into a great yellow flower, well ... I don't think anyone. Every time I walk by the yellow door and when the marigolds are out, at first I didn't quite realize why, I felt a change. I now know why it's because I'm reminded of the colored room. My country is the sort of place where that kind of very simple ecstasy can take place; a great cluster for the windows of the road (let me remind you of the big-faded motto on Ron Am. cleaning powder cans) and if one country arrives after the suppression of the Industrial Revolution, one of the reasons will be the possibility of such meaningful and peaceful experiences. ■





**WHEN YOU'RE SMILING
CALL FOR
'LABATT'S
BLUE'**



**THE TRUE-BLUE
FRIENDLY BEER**

DROPPING IN ON THE AZORES

BY ROBERT CAMPBELL

Cheap rich times on the
road to *Ribeira Grande*



The Portuguese call São Miguel *Ala Verde*—the green island. With its towering mountains and its wild seas, its garlanded stone walls and year-round late-spring drinks, it is the biggest and finest of the nine islands of the Azores.

Each of the nine islands of this anti-Atlantic archipelago has a character of its own, but São Miguel, with half the island population, offers the standard: the best scenery, accommodations and food. And the best in these departments can be both excellent and inexpensive. The only thing cheap about the Azores is the cliffs.

The first-time jet-setter put down solidly on the island of Santa Maria, and one's first impression is of standing on a high, flat roof surrounded by the sea. The island's rugged mountain is at one side. Overhead, the first rising clouds. Don't be put off by the shabby air terminal with its cheapest shops and unimpressive bar and restaurant. Stay outside, in the forest in entrance, to wait your little counter plane to São Miguel, which will fly by you to Ponta Delgada (35,000 people) in about 35 minutes.

Notice anything different?



A new decanter bottle . . . looks great doesn't it?

A new label . . . tasteful, with the feel of real leather. Just a small indication of the sort of quality we put into Premium.

Notice the words, SPECIAL MILD . . . they tell a lot about what's inside.

Premium Canadian Eye Whisky . . . the only Canadian Eye that's made from all six grain. And Scotch Distilled in the old fashioned way to give you the smoothest taste you can get in a whisky.

ALBERTA PREMIUM



THE COST: how we are paying to finance our own disappearance

Confronted with the ominous figures on the increasing U.S. penetration of the Canadian economy shown on page 25, our politicians generally side behind a protective screen of slogans. It doesn't matter who owns the factory, or oil well, or hockey team, as long as the rules of good Canadian corporate citizenship are observed. When Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was asked if Canadians suffered because of domination of the economy by Americans, he replied, "They don't, I think, suffer in an economic sense, or even for just matter in a technological sense. It is because of American capital investment, and the technology that came with it, that we enjoy one of the highest standards of living in the world."

In short, without massive injections of U.S. capital, we would be poor, to interfere with that capital is to risk our well-being, instead, we should be sitting on the golden goose. This assumption has been stricken with increasing vigor by Canadian economists, led by Professor Ken Levitt of McGill University. In her study, *Seven Barriers*, Professor Levitt argues that "the acquisition of control by U.S. companies over the commodity-producing sectors of the Canadian economy has largely been financed from corporate savings derived from the sale of Canadian resources, extracted and processed by Canadian labor, or from the sale of the products of brain-power manufacturing businesses to Canadian consumers at inflated prices." These aren't American dollars expanding our economy, they are Canadian dollars acquired by Americans. In the period from 1957 to 1964, U.S. direct investment in the crucial sectors of our economy — mining, manufacturing and petroleum — came out of Canadian pockets 73% from retained earnings and reserves of U.S. companies here, 12% from Canadian financial sources, only 15% from new U.S. funds. The trend is clear — and disturbing: in 1965, of \$2.61 billion in new American investment here, only \$127 million, 4.9%, came from

U.S. funds. And we pay through the nose for that tiny fraction of capital, since 1960, Canada has paid out \$2,625 billion more in interest, dividends, royalties and fees to U.S. concerns than we have received in new investments.

Now it is true that it doesn't matter who really holds control. Because so much of our economy is owned outside, and ourselves to a distant drummer, we have lost the right to lay down the policies or even the laws many of our major companies follow. In a number of cases, Canadian subsidiaries have been generated from accepting orders from countries declared outside the pale by the U.S. Trading With The Enemy Act. Examples, under this law, include North Korea, North Vietnam, Cuba and, until recently, China. Ford of Canada was approached in 1957 about a sale of 1,000 cars and trucks to China, but, under the terms of the legislation, couldn't even consider it, the R. F. Goodrich Company was unable to pursue a recent order for a sale of conveyor belts to the city of Changchun, the R. J. Hanco Company and Gerber Products were barred from selling canned goods to Cuba.

And these laws have made us unable to step floor to that same society. American authorities have even intervened to apply restrictions on trade to nations which are not inherently "enemy." In 1964, for instance, several Canadian manufacturing firms were instructed by their U.S. parents not to sell machinery to Russia. Whatever the loss in dollars involved — and it cannot be high — such incidents make the industry of Canadian sovereignty. Just as important, the most efficient and aggressive sector of our industry has made no attempt to open new markets in the areas sealed off by American fiat, and now the China has been rediscovered by President Richard Nixon, we have lost any head start we might have had there.

U.S. restrictive legislation also affects the operation of Canadian subsidiaries. Sometimes, we have benefited: American law forced the establishment of a separate Alcanadian Company of Canada, forced Schlitz Brewery to step back from its attempt to take over Labatt's, forced the establishment of Du Pont Of Canada Ltd. and Canadian Industries Limited as separate companies. Sometimes we have been hurt: Canadian branch plants in the forest-products industry were prevented by U.S. law from competing for growing opportunities in export markets. Whether good or bad, the main thrust of this legislation has been to shift important decisions affecting our economy to U.S. congresses and government offices. It also affects the prices we pay for goods. Studies have shown that the Canadian refrigerator market of 400,000 units annually could be efficiently served by two factories. In fact, there are nine, seven of these huge plants. If they were to combine, they could reduce the price of refrigerators here, compete more effectively abroad, and save pennies in U.S. costs.

Just as U.S. law governs how individual firms may operate, U.S. policy determines their collective behavior in the crucial areas of capital flows. Twice now — in 1965 and 1968 — American presidents have asked or required U.S. companies abroad to bring home more capital. In such cases, a hapless Canada, faced with a massive hemorrhage of funds, has begged for an exemption, in each case we have received only for a year — the handing over of an extraordinary share of our foreign currency reserves to the U.S. As Royal Bank chairman and president Eric McLaughlin noted, "Under the new arrangements, our own monetary authorities appear to be attached to a string — the business end of which is held in Washington."

American subsidiaries tend to buy from their U.S. parents rather than from Canadian sources, and to compete only timidly for export sales. A 1967 federal government study shows that 83% of the output of foreign controlled companies was sold in Canada. The president of a large U.S. branch plant in Peterborough, Ontario, once told me bitterly how his firm was blocked from an export market by the parent company. The Canadian sales office had opened negotiations for a contract in Bordeaux, which had to be approved in New York. The international office added that negotiating company had insisted that it would be noncompetitive, thus the U.S. firm submitted a lower bid and got the contract.

Finally, we pay for American ownership because the decisions to in-

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paid or not, to open new plants or close old ones, to conduct research here or buy it elsewhere, as made in the U.S., for reasons that may make perfect sense to them but make no sense at all to us. When economic sanctions began, U.S. companies start withdrawing in Canada, when they expand, they do so with American jobs in mind, which is perfectly proper conduct from their point of view, but however more than half our manufacturing jobs sailed to the wind. In instances before the U.S. House of Representatives Ways and Means Committee, Harold D. Amason, president and general manager of Albitex Laboratories International Company, which has a Canadian subsidiary — put the point clearly: "Our investments abroad have resulted not only in exports of chemicals or pharmaceuticals new materials from the United States but also of American machines and other capital equipment to equip our manufacturing facilities in foreign nations. It is significant that Albitex Laboratories International Company's employment in Chicago, as a result of its increased output, is estimated at about 50% in the last six years."

The almost automatic way in which subsidiaries follow U.S. rather than Canadian policy was underlined shortly after President Nixon declared the wage freeze. American firms, Douglas Aircraft Corporation at once cited the American freeze in refusing to make any new wage offer to its Canadian workers, and cited the President's action for excuse.

One, of course, subsidiaries who make a conscious effort to put Canadian needs first, and whose directors insist on a high degree of autonomy. One such company is General Foods of Canada, whose president, Robert J. Harbick, insists that all policy decisions be made on this side of the border. Harbick comments that "the real question of my company operating here is the performance of the company, not who owns it." But Harbick reflects an awareness which is growing, even in business circles, about the degree of U.S. penetration. "I don't see any point in trying to buy back established firms," he says, "but I do think we need to try to buy new concerns in Canada." He suggests some government intervention may become necessary to safeguard the economy.

"The government has to look further out and seek to bring back goods and objectives we need here not to protect foreign investment but to encourage Canadians, and a clearly defined policy for the future."



THE WORKERS: decisions are union made... in the U.S.A.

The deliberating tried to a homogeneous, American-dominated content does not stop at the university level or the factory floor, it extends into the union hall, although here the consequences of U.S. control are harder to measure. For 10 years, I was a member of The Newspaper Guild, which is officially described as an international union. It is not, of course, it's an American union with about 10% of its membership in Canada. Most of the time, the cross-border link was an advantage; we could not have run a strike without U.S. support, and we could not have organized any new locals without the expertise and funds provided from Washington headquarters. Sometimes, however, the interference became oppressive. In 1964, when the International Typographical Union struck the Toronto papers in which I worked, our U.S. headquarters tried to make us honor the ITU picket lines. We knew that, in fact, the local ITU had accepted a contract and had been overruled by the union executive in Colorado Springs and was on strike against the votes of its Toronto members so we objected. However, the NG was anxious, for its own part, to cultivate the goodwill of the ITU, and the Toronto locals were subjected to a good deal of persuasion, persuasion and abuse at international meetings and in the pages of the NG's *Global Reporter*. We crossed the line.

Having been through that, I cannot accept this view that international unionism is the same as American corporate control. But we have corporate employees, we could not have organized in the American policy, we wouldn't have been organized, we'd have been fired. At the same time, the argument that U.S. ties are only incidental to Canadian unionism is plainly ludicrous, while some of our unions are autonomous in everything but name. Effectively, we're nearly the same branch-plant mentality of any U.S. subsidiary.

The degree of American control

over unions parallels that over manufacturing concerns. While 55.1% of our manufacturing is owned abroad, 62.3% of our union members belong to international bodies (although, unlike the companies, the degree of outside control is lessened). In most cases, the Canadian locals are merely a splinter group in the international, without any hope of influencing its general policy decisions. Of 94 international unions, only six have a Canadian membership greater than 20% of the total, and 56 have a membership less than 10% of the total.

When U.S. unions begin to strike, the Canadians are prevented from reaching for greater autonomy by international considerations they have as hope of reforming. Last summer dissidents began an independent movement within the great United Transporters (the Union), but it was quickly snuffed out at a convention held, naturally, in Miami Beach. The unionists were not looking for a clean break from the U.S. union, as they wanted no destructive Canadian autonomy and a right to elect their own top officers (at present, they are voted on by the international, whose members are more than 90% American). At the August convention, Canada's 31,000 members were represented by 170 delegates — out of 1,800 — who were themselves badly split on the national issue. A motion to set up a committee to investigate autonomy was defeated at the Canadian caucus, and it came under the convention floor. The American domination of the meetings brought some rise (reaches) one time when the Canadian top officers received a 50% pay boost, as late with recent U.S. railway wage increases in Canada, pay rises have been about 15% for railway workers (later, the boost was held back because of President Nixon's wage freeze). Another cause at the closing banquet, when the head of down right after, physics. For one Springfield, Ontario, a (fork) group of Canadians rose to demand U.S. autonomy accompanied. It was the one time they were listened to.

Continued on page 40



Moto-Ski. We're tougher 7 ways.

Don't try a track unless you're a professional snowmobile driver with more experience, years of experience, a lot of insurance and an ordinary Moto-Ski.

Snowmobiles for women? I designed for this kind of driving. But we do it to test Moto-Ski. And to prove that Moto-Ski is tougher 7 ways tougher.

1. Our track is tougher. Specifically engineered, high-quality carbon steel chains, rubberized and riveted to a blend of tough, vulcanized rubber. If one cable breaks, you replace one cable. Not the whole track. And if it's quartered. With a 2 year warranty on single cylinder machines and a 1 year warranty on twin cylinder machines.

2. Our sprockets are tougher. That's a pro's trick. Close it. One simple squeeze sprocket. The sprocket drives the track, and ours is a simple, uncomplicated design, with nothing to go wrong and nothing to break down. And because our sprocket is a single end drive, it pulls better, with less engine effort.

*Trade mark of Moto-Ski Limited

3. Our chains are tougher. Built by hand. Very carefully. It's spot welded where spot welding is better, and electrode welded where electrode welding is better. And it's embedded. Wherever there's a stress point, there's a built up plate.

4. We're tougher about safety. We put a safety seat strap on every model. Non-slip footrests. Powerful, durable lights. SAE Class A reflectors on the side and rear, and reflecting tape on the front. Strong steel bumpers. A 25 watt magnetic polycarbonate windshield that can't shatter. And an emergency motor shut-off switch right on top of the brake control.

5. Our steering is tougher. It's called rod and steering, and it's the best there is. Friction and wear are virtually eliminated. So is breakage. To keep your steering lubed, we've added low-viscosity lubricating tips. Moto-Ski steering is crisp, efficient, and effortless.

6. Our controls are tougher. We use freeze-castles, bolted to the control and no water and

snow can't get inside. Plastic bushings between moving metal parts to cut friction and wear. We put a primer on every machine, so you can inject gasoline directly into the engine for first time, every time starting.

7. Our suspension is tougher. We make our boys wheel casters, blow off heavy materials and we make them one by one. Then we mount them on extra-strong mounting bars. And we do that by hand. It takes a little longer. But the results last a lot longer.

With 6 basic types of Moto-Ski, and a total of 14 models, we meet what you're looking for. At the price you want to pay. Test drive a Moto-Ski at any of the 1500 authorized dealers in Canada and the United States. We've proven that Moto-Ski is tougher 7 ways. But we'd like you to prove it for yourself.

moto-ski
We're tougher 7 ways.

At least in the United Transportation Union the top Canadians are elected, in some unions, the Canadian director is simply appointed by the president of the international. That was the case, for instance, with the president of the Chemical and Allied Workers Union, whose 13,500 Canadian members had never voted for or against their director, Neil Renner, (late 1954 and) a convention in Miami Beach last summer, when they were the right to elect their own director. Larger unions have more autonomy, according to Dr. John Cragge of the University of Toronto's Centre for Industrial Relations. "Most international unions claim that they allow the Canadian members to run their own show. I believe this is largely true of most of the major unions."

I do not think it is true of the majority of the smaller international unions.

Labour leaders are sensitive on this subject. William Dodge, secretary-treasurer of the Canadian Labor Congress (and member of a Canadian union) contends that international affiliation need not limit the autonomy of local unions. "It all depends on the way it is charged," he says. "For instance, Neil Renner has consistently advanced policies directly contrary to those laid down in the U.S., as every thing from Red China to NORAD."

But the more, the degree of American control is beginning to make the CLC nervous, and it has adopted a set of guidelines for autonomy, which includes election of Canadian officers by Canadians, determination of policy on this side of the border, and the right of Canadian socialist officers to speak for the union (one of the long edifying nights in modern labor relations was the spectacle of two spokesmen, one for the union, one for the company, heatedly denying that the GM settlement last year was made in the U.S.A. The details were stated by an American officer and an American union leader).

The CLC has also launched a study, the first ever, to determine how internationalists at local level. That study will grapple with, among other things, the fact that, according to reform under the Corporations and Labor Union Reform Act international unions have about \$12 million more in Canada than they spend here annually. Do we lose that money, or, as Dodge contends, would it cost us more than that to duplicate services now provided by the Americans?

Regardless, the CLC study will see the wheel to, in fact, the crucial question: who calls the shot for our unions — Canadians or Americans?



THE LINKS: all together now, which way does our trade flow? Wrong!

Few things are certain in the ever-changing world, but one thing we can all count on is that someone somewhere today will rise to address a serious debt (whether, at a school group, or at a political gathering, and will not be unimpressed audience that "the natural flow of trade" in Canada runs north and south, not east and west. This theme has set the tone for more boring speeches than any other phrase in the Canadian lexicon, except the one that adorns our unadorned border, and because we accept it as gospel Canadians consider they are helping with something great: say how a suggestion is made that we should look more to each other and less to the U.S. for economic nourishment. In moments of stress Canadians from the Maritimes to BC curse the artificial barriers that distort the natural flow of trade. The Canadian railways, we are told, have in defiance of contractual logic.

But they were ho! and the trade partners they established aside. The U.S. is not Canada's best customer, we are not even best customer by a country mile. A glance at the major economic movements shows this at once, yet the notion is so novel that the Ottawa statisticians who helped me compile these figures looked short at his own handiwork and said, "My God, I'd never thought of it that way."

In manufactured goods, Canadian producers sell about five times as much domestically as they do to all foreign countries combined. In 1981, the only year for which Statistics Canada has made a detailed study in this area, 35% of all factory shipments went to the province of origin, 26% to other provinces, and 16% to foreign customers. Quebec sells more to Ontario than it does abroad, and in turn Ontario's best customer by far. Nova Scotia ships almost as much to Ontario and Quebec as to all foreign nations put together, Saskatchewan sells more to each of Quebec, Ontario, Manitoba and Alberta than it does to the U.S.

The pattern set by manufacturers' shipments holds true in other fields

Figures available for 1970 show that interprovincial shipments of gas, oil and electricity are all higher than either exports or imports. (Last year Canada exported 343 million barrels of oil, but the interprovincial movement was 259 million barrels, we sold 728,486 million cubic feet of gas across the border, but 1,137,660 million cubic feet interprovincially, we exported 314 million tonnes of electricity, but sent 316 million across provincial borders.) This is all the more significant because our national oil policy deliberately discourages what could be a major energy resource movement — that of Alberta oil to the rich Montreal market. By law, western oil shipments are confined west of the Ottawa Valley, a fact that spurs every Alberta producer.

And so it goes, we make about 16 cents in every long-distance telephone calls to each other as we do outside the country (in 1970, there were 497 million domestic long-distance calls, just over 26 million calls to the U.S.), our major passenger airlines fly more calls within our borders than across them. One year Air Canada and CP Air lost 6.59 million passenger kilometers within Canada, 5.87 million outside, our railways carry six times of domestic freight for every export ton, and five domestic passengers for every international one.

These figures carry two obvious implications. First, while we may be dependent on the U.S., we are much more dependent on each other. Quebec separatists who argue that their province, after independence, could find what it needs in American markets are ignoring the essential role of interprovincial trade. An isolated Quebec would soon miss those regional Canadian groups who mutually forgive and forget the cluster of clubs about the natural north-south flow of trade. Secondly, our mutual interdependence can be as much a source of strength as of weakness. A valuable area of what we have left out as unneeded is the channel of links that lead us together, drive the hopeful beginnings of national self-sufficiency.

continued on page 62

NIKOLAI



Possibly the only vodka smooth enough to drink by itself...
if you had to.



Nikolai Classic Vodka



DEFENSE: taking the joint approach and doing it their way

For more than 60 years now, Canadians and Americans have found that the simplest way to deal with each other is not through the cumbersome, slow and inevitably process of government-to-government diplomacy, but directly, through joint boards in which Canadians and Americans meet to flesh out mutual problems. One of the earliest of these bodies was the International Joint Commission, founded in 1908 and still going strong. It was followed by more and more joint ventures, until today there are no fewer than 17 such bodies, from the Canada-U.S. Ministerial Committee on Trade and Economic Affairs to the International Pacific Helium Commission.

They live, it large instance, a sham: they are places where Canadians meet Americans as the Americans are told as what they intend to do and we can say, "Yes, Canada." The Permanent Joint Board on Defense, established in August, 1940, by Prime Minister Mackenzie King and President Roosevelt after their historic meeting at Ogdensburg, New York. The Ogdensburg Declaration laid down the ground rules for the new body. "It has been agreed that a Permanent Joint Board on Defense shall be set up at once by the two countries. It will consider in the broad sense the defense of the northern half of the western hemisphere."

That was pretty handy talk for Canada — a half share in defense policy for "the northern half of the western hemisphere." It has worked out that way. When the PJBD was first formed, the U.S. needed cooperation, access and bases in Canada for her own defense, and our views can be seen in Washington. In the middle age, we are not needed and not listened to. The board consists of representatives from the three armed services and the diplomatic corps of each nation, it meets three times a year for what the diplomats mean are "hot, frank and free" discussions, but it does not much say. Only its discussions are reported back to the member govern-

ments. (At first, PJBD decisions were so unanimous recommendations to the government, one of the early discussions centered on "how an American army of 300,000 could at need be sent into Nova Scotia without delay," in case Britain fell and Germany threatened Canada. We were first asked that any battles would take place on our soil. Also, the board drew up a "Joint Canadian-United States Basic Defense Plan 1946," which boiled down to a plan for continental defense under the "strategic direction" of the U.S.) These discussions, as a Canadian board member affirmed, are pretty one-sided. "The Americans have such resources in terms of intelligence, technology and systems analysis, they have all those contractors who do nothing but sit around thinking deep thoughts, the guys who say, 'We have to improve that we do such and such, shouldn't we be doing it?' All we can say is, 'Well, yeah, if you say so.'"

The board's practical work consists of clearing away the underbush on administrative problems. For instance it looked after the trade by which Canada traded in 35 CF-101 Voodoos to the U.S. and got back 66 F-101s for some adjustment on the financing of the Frontier radar line. It is also responsible for the operation of an eight-inch oil pipeline that runs from Haynes, Alaska, to Fairbanks, Alaska, across the Yukon. (The line broke a couple of years ago, polluting a lake, an American pipeline for those planning a far larger project in either Alaska or the Northwest Territories.)

But the PJBD's main purpose is to function as a listening post, where the defense partners can inform, consult and enlighten. Jack Johnson, Director of the Office of Canadian Affairs in Washington, and the senior U.S. board member, told me that "Canada's views are very important and very carefully considered," but the record does not support him. The most important recent decisions on North American defense were the U.S. decision to proceed with its

anti-ballistic missile program, a move Canada opposed from the beginning. Did we see the PJBD to register our objection? Not on your digital computer, the item never made the PJBD agenda. Our protests were claimed of what the Americans were up to, but if we had any complaints they didn't want to hear them. Similarly, when the U.S. wanted, against our disapproval, to conduct underwater nuclear tests off the Alaskan coast, the PJBD voiced clear of the subject. On the other hand, the recent Canadian White Paper on Defense was the subject of spirited discussions in the PJBD, and Canadians were told what kinds of changes the U.S. would approve, and which ones might produce a frown.

In short, from its lofty beginnings, the PJBD has turned into a listening club for the enlightenment and protection of Canadian grounds and diplomats. Roger F. Swenson, a research associate at Johns Hopkins University, and author of *An Informal Alliance: An Analysis Of The U.S.-Canadian Defense Relationship*, says, "By the very nature of the board, as the PJBD, the U.S. defense and Canada meet." Swenson, an American, believes the very informality of our defense relationship with the U.S. is its chief danger. "You have too many people who just pick up the phone and call somebody in Washington, in the name of pragmatism. Well, I don't see pragmatism at such a bloody blinding. All it means is that, if you leave something undecided, you leave it open to the option of the larger partner, the U.S."

Swenson says flatly that "the most obvious national security threat to Canada is the United States," and "you therefore want to define your rights and duties as continental defense very carefully. You have an obligation not to let anyone else use Canada as a route to attack the U.S., but you don't have an obligation to surrender defense policy decisions to the U.S."



The beautiful faces of Christmas.

Beau Watches: 1. Corraline 1375 2. Pied-à-Corraline 3455 3. Cavatine 1379 4. Felice 876 5. Vercor Waterproof 1855 6. Cavatine 1355 7. Spire Waterproof 1855 8. Dorina 1855.

Approved Best Price

are figures, jetties about the front of Paul. I'm charged with the sounder of Eugene, the incredible offensive plays of professional hockey, formal tennis, and tennis, tennis — some last, a lot was written on this trip.

Vancouver is called the Great Sea. Vancouver. The city edens with single houses coming and grazing, a broad bay, topography student life, busy beards, exorcists-top the slopes, and everyone old-maid parks, skyscrapers with architectural proof. English rumples like only-poly dolls, forest "no-one's" and human "Where're you from?" — and the devil knows what else Vancouver abuse with.

Vancouver is almost on the same parallel as Alma-Ata. This is the grazing ground of hipsters. (Toronto gives them a total dyspepsia in the name of town. They have entangled it, like try, from inside with their shaggy mamas, postcard, plastic living, a constant buzz. In Vancouver they were shifted half a beach.)

The aim of my trip to Canada was to read poetry to machines. One of my friends, a poet, asked before my departure: "Careful, America's next door."

Amnesia burst into my hotel room early one morning. I found the room with books of laughter. In its hands was a round loaf of bread. One of its hands wore a grey knitted Moscow hat and fringed, threateningly with its shaggy beard. The other was blond-haired and its eyes flashed like Scandinavian lakes.

The first was Lawrence Ferlinghetti — poet, official, leader of the San Francisco movement. Recently he did time for his Vietnam activities. Two years ago he took a trip on the water express from San Francisco to Vladivostok. In the hospital in Nakhodka he barely saved him from death by pneumonia.

The second head belonged to Robert Bly, also a poet-writer, a second giant in a white Moscow poncho. They flew in far from "profiteer" milk, and, according to my trip.

I shall describe one of the Vancouver readings. The disturbed anti-establishment-advocate at the university started potpourri. Mood in with the Moderns, Gray Dunes, Saint Bernard, and modernism. The poet lay in poses of gay westerns, like long illustrations of the movement for the liberation of women. An orange-haired musician pulled his way efficiently and elegantly along the top of a decorative wooden partition. Children of entrance, they, it seemed, were breathing in time to the reading.

The gathering took on the form of

a coming-together of three poetries — Canadian, American and Russian. The voice of the young Canadian poet, Seymour Mayes, joined with Ferlinghetti's husky roar. The latter roared about Vancouver. How they listened to hear life read about a little one, a delirious one of the optics, he destroyed him, changed around the stage, mocked him and mourned him.

Robert Bly in the poncho, like a decorated box line or a Viking beaver, roared over the audience, concluding with the long fingers of a hypnotist-sage.

This ceremony, which is named after Simon Fraser, a one of the most beautiful in the world. On the horizon of a hill past baroque-style drive the scene. Another — the University of British Columbia — is developed in privacy. In spite, the graceful economy of an authentic Japanese garden. It is a good thing for education in situations to be located in the country. We have one like that in Dnepropetrovsk, it's a shame that as yet we have to see.

Vancouver is almost on the same parallel as Alma-Ata. This is the grazing ground of hipsters.

The new architecture of Canada is very interesting. The First Arts Centre at Dallas, at concentrated, self-contained — what a miracle of intimacy. And the City Hall skyscraper in Toronto. Its two vertical planes are like the two halves of a partly-opened shell; it seems that at any moment the rest of the sea will be heard between them.

Marshall McLuhan lives in Toronto. To some an oracle, to others an electronic shaman, he owned a great staff with his books on the influences of communications media on man. The permissibility, the structure, the provoking of consciousness in his books has always struck me. In his latest book, *Counterblast*, which he gave me, a lot is said about the word and its transmutation.

Professor McLuhan is born, tall. He appears he resembles Jules Verne. When his interest is aroused, he looks right through the person he is talking to, as if he thought. He is not very straight, his sharp lines pressed together with striped trousers fitting closely over them — like the statue of Dora on his throne.

In order to get away from the

crowd, we went up a creaking wooden staircase to a mezzanine. Below us, illuminated balconies, gables, barrel shoulders were visible through the rectangular door to the reception room. The little room flared above them, like a raft. Our conversation was thus surrounded and of course, about the extension of our luggage — telecommunication system.

In conversation, he is clear and metaphorical, like algebra. It is hardly likely that he has read Nabokov (Vladimir Nabokov (1899-1977), experimental Russian poet, one of the fathers of Russian Futurism), but the key to McLuhan is in Nabokov's statement: "A mankind of numbers, who conceptualizes through vision and not through the sense of hearing, is armed with both an equation of death and equation of human nature."

He called the morning after my reading in Toronto and through a corky-shaped telephone wire, substituting himself into sound energy — after all he is McLuhan — for a very lively half hour or so, shaped his impression of Russian poetry, he dressed it, a child and a father, about auditory and sound structures. It has always seemed to me that a poetry synthesizing sound and vision will become the basis of a new, future consciousness.

The translations at that reading were done by W. H. Auden, a Russian classic, a maestro of versification, without doubt a great poet of the English language world. More than once I've had the opportunity to read with him in the United States, and it is always terribly difficult, for the magnitude of his, seated to the right on the stage, turns out at times to be stronger than the magnitude of the audience. Everything swings around to him!

I was at a reading of Auden's in Toronto. It's not quite right to say that they don't listen to poetry in the West. Good stuff they listen to. The best young audience listened intently to the most complex, linguistically medieval and magical passages, with their flashes of biting humor. Auden read quietly like an ascetic, with a small microphone bag around his neck under his tie. The noise was captured in a whistled and spluttered. The experienced reader subtly countered his eyes in confusion. Technology had the poet by the throat — isn't it McLuhan?

At readings and pre-lectures I talked about the latest works of Tsvetkovsky and Mandelstam, Akhmatova and Solzhenitsyn, Yezhovskiy and Mandelstam, Tsvetkovsky, Solzhenitsyn, Gorkovskiy and

continued on page 96

In the beginning...the earth, the sun and the rain



And now...wines of unforgettable good taste.



JORDAN WINES

debates, and other poets of ours. I was very moved when at the name of Sergei Yesenin applause broke out in the hall. I read three or four of his poems. It was probably the first time Yesenin was heard in Russian from the stage in Canada. I read Mayakovsky, too, and others.

Despite, it would seem, its northern temperament, the Canadian audience is receptive and keen.

Canada's poetic master is, of course, Lysenko. He had modeled on a large scale, but heavily edited. A brutal chain of a Hobbes' plate lies on his tongue — a bulky knot, snake and serpent, like the elephant's hide in his famous poem. He loves poetry for itself, not the delicate chatter about it. Something like Vladimir Cohen, a post-modernist, Canada's relatively hard, is very popular.

The shortcomings of John Colombo are significant and profound, but it is a combination of verse similar in a way to Simon Kinsman. In his poems he manages popular sayings, mythological epics, as in a collage.

(All these are English-language poets. Of the very interesting, poetry in French I shall write separately.)

It's a pity that we don't yet know Canadian poetry in our country. We should know the poetry of our neighbors. What would Pushkin and Lermontov have been without their knowing Voltaire or Byron in the original?

What are students reading? During my long flights, I was studying two serious sociological volumes: Theodore Roszak's *The Making Of A Counter-Culture* and Charles Reich's *The Greening Of America*. "They are our gurus right now, they are more contemporary than McLuhan and Marcuse," said a Vancouver girl with Indian cheekbones.

Of course, these authors are naive in their positive eagerness but they have caught much of the psychology of those young people who are demonstrating on the Mall in Washington.

They write of a "Third Consciousness" (The "First Consciousness" was that of the original discoverers of America, supermen, individuals. This was replaced by a "Second Consciousness" — that of the cops of the technocratic machine.) "The Third," a new wave, is that of India's youth with an anti-linear way of thinking. For them, the criminal thing is to kill yourself inside. "Our heroism is shared as immovable as the medieval, but we don't have a God to justify it."

And so the search for a new way of contemplating. The egoists, or even a whole of pop goes around the circle as a swirling spiral.

Youth agrees to make the world natural and human. Its psychology is changing. From consumption to transformation of the world. The answer of some lies in the Mayan

shaper of Atyasha Karamazov. "Shoot them down!" (Is the question of what to do with a wild fanatic raising a child to go to before in meetings?)

How to shoot them down is taught in an underground issue of the San Francisco magazine *Swordfish*. It was brought by a satellite girl correspondent, with three cameras hanging from her neck, like pentecostal chains. They were unable to get it printed in the States. It was done in Quebec. The issue is called *Guerrilla Warfare In The U.S.A.*

Forty pages of small print lists acts of sabotage and destruction against a consumer society. "We decided to strike against property, things, for they are what is uppermost in the consciousness of America," says a member of the organization called the *Weathermen*, after a song of Bob Dylan's. Their program is the kidnapping, the theft of life, where the stage moves out of the hall into life itself. They themselves admit that "We always try for a little more up and a little less chance of getting arrested. Because it has gotten through to us — it is not for us to destroy the whole police system or the corporate society. We understand that we are at an elementary stage — the threshold." Their general tactics are sometimes daring — they penetrate a supermarket, stuff themselves full or interchange the price tags. But also in the expense are diagrams of street operations and recipes for incendiary mixtures.

Not that negotiating arms is any problem. "Father Daniel Bergman told about how they burned away draft notices with homemade napalm. The napalm for the napalm was read to them over the phone by a housewife calling long-distance from South Carolina, and she got a card of the *Manual For The Green Beret* which she kept in the kitchen together with her other recipes."

But young people are getting more and more serious. More than ever they are coming to the essence of Daniel Bergman's idea, to his slogan: "No prison bars for mankind!"

How do Canadians feel about the States?

Pierre Trudeau's Prime Minister jokes: "It's not a simple matter to sleep in the same bed with an elephant, even if it's a good elephant, sometimes it bounces and turns and snorts in its sleep..."

Pierre Trudeau is the leader of the Liberal Party of Canada. The press is full of tales about his eccentricities and surprises. They stress, admit, are continued on page 68

A talking clock radio, TV's that pop up and spin around, a fondue that makes Mongolian Shabu-Shabu.

And you say there's nothing new for Christmas?

Who could be more excited than to receive this magnificent AC/ battery portable "pop up" TV? It's just popped up from a big sound FM/AM radio TR-455AC.

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"I'll have

Dry Sack on the rocks"



Idol over us — The Sherry in the sack — from Spain

VOSNESENSKY continued

indignant, but all will acknowledge his breadth of character.

At home in his easy private residence, appointed with statues, at a modest dinner, he proved to be simple, affable, wearing an eastern veil with a chrysanthemum.

Trudeau is slender, urbane. A youthful, forward, vigorous face combined about him reminds me of portraits of Garmy, the dynamic body of a film star. He talks about Yugoslavia, has a lively interest in Russia.

Two hours later I observed him on the bench in Parliament, collected, an acute politician, steadily and thoughtfully working, among that select Parliament, where two days later he assuredly started out at his opponents as expressing a bit more daring than "go to the devil".

One can't complain about the hospitality of the marvellous Canadian public, the perception and sensitivity of the audience, especially young people, but it was very pleasant to appear in the port of Montreal on a ship of our Maritime fleet, so used and speak Russian, to learn about the age and customs of the sister's life, to exchange opinions about the lasting country of Canada.

In general, Canadian life is friendly and serene interest in Russia, Michael Potell, an iconic Vancouver professor, expert skier and connoisseur of Russian literature, gave me a monograph about Russia. I was attracted by the line of our tender fellow-countryman. A traveler, creator of a dictionary of the Japanese language, gentleman-in-attendance and friend of Dostoevsky, he got as far as California in 1906. A beautiful girl, Gendia Arguello, the daughter of a San Francisco consul, told me in love with him. They announced their betrothal. But the sudden death of Renato prevented their marriage. Gendia took the veil. And so she became the first nun in California. Several glowing photographs about N. P. Renzov have come out abroad. Best Hans wrote a ballad about him.

I wrote some poems in Vancouver, talking out into some pickled and having from my hotel room, at the risk of being considered rude, well, what does one do? I felt like writing.

No matter what you might feel like writing about, no matter what you might see in Vancouver's famous spots, all that sky and snow, that whispering of fir needles, that breathing of student softness, cannot help but be reflected in verse — the pure breath of that great land, Canada. **Translated by Catherine Leach, Maryanne Price, Peter Rind and Dennis Mayne.**

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CHRISTMAS DINNER

The first thing you have to get into your mind when contemplating a cheery Christmas dinner is that it's hardly at all as deplorable — not when you can eat strange carvers from our northern isles, spotted salmon from the Pacific or the Atlantic, golfies from the Prairie, wild rice from the Indians and Quebec ducks that have more flavor than anything produced on Long Island. All the food on our menu is freely available in Canadian cities except for the oyster — and you can even find that if you're sufficiently determined, aggressive and rich.

I tried to make this menu more unique than most of the punier feasts that are usually suggested as Canadian specialties. Moose ragout, prairie chicken is a Dithershot and deliciously perfect here at one hour or another but concocted by well-known Canadian chefs for their rooms. Unless you live on a farm and shoot game for daily sustenance it's not possible to eat that sort of thing at Christmas. This menu is basically for city people. Its only rustic ingredients are the wild prairies, which may be bought unprocessed at farm or market wherever they still exist. It's planned to serve eight.

The preparation for the dinner is easier than the distortion of the main night. You just believe that the first course requires no cooking and everything except the ducks may be prepared in advance. The one touch is that the ingredients except for such things as turnips and apples, are expensive. But most oysters and ducks are cheap. So most of Christmas, why not overindulge on food with a moderate touch of the under-the-lender? It could easily be as much fun as joining the Christmas Eve. An inexperienced Canada and it may produce some of the same results.



Hors d'Oeuvres

The hors d'oeuvres have been kept deliberately simple, the only thing that may cause trouble is the carver. Canadian carver could soon be as obsolete as the carver person that used to turn the prairie dish. Hardly anybody but a few penniless over-kind would eat, but could very rarely. Canadian takes, and even provided a usual, easily supply of steamed carver to the large fish stores and wholesalers in Winnipeg, Toronto and Montreal.

Two parts ago, Laporte's in Q

was selling Canadian carver for eight dollars a pound. Six months ago it was obtainable for \$12.50. In the Lawrence Fish Market in Toronto. But this fall, the price jumped to \$28 and it was almost impossible to buy Canadian carver in the usual retail outlets. By Christmas, it will, hopefully, be available again. If not, try Paul Bennett, a commercial fisherman, River Road, Box 850, Sturgeon Falls, Ontario. He sells most of his carver overseas but will keep back some for the Christmas rush. He will ship a minimum of 12 pounds, at \$25 a pound. (You need to get 12 carvers to friends to share the cost.) Even if that's a bargain, Bennett or Italian sauce sells for \$75 a pound.

The chef at the Château Laurier Hotel in Ottawa kept me some Canadian carver for the picture on page 43, on the condition that I bring it right back. He won't tell where he bought it except to say that it comes from somewhere around North Bay. Or, he thinks so highly of his carver's quality — and of the opportunities of being its source — that recently, when the chef from the Ritz-Carlton in Montreal came on headed here to find out the street, he turned him coldly away.

Anyway, if you're able to track down the carver, you can put it in the sauce and the smoked golfies on the table in separate dishes and let everyone help themselves. The carver should be served with golden egg yolks, ground carver and dry this lunch while most on the side. The smoked salmon (which by rights should be served in this state) off the whole fish rather than bought ready sliced in foil packs made, brown bread, butter and oysters. Smoked golfies, it good served in chunks as you find. At these fish need plenty of lemon, so lavish the players with wedges.



The Soup

MISER BROTH

- 1 cup frozen spinach
- 1 pint oyster
- 450 cups chicken stock
- Salt pepper
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1/2 cup chicken stock to boiling and let simmer on stove. Blend oysters and their liquor in blender. Add to the simmering chicken stock. Blend spinach and add to chicken stock. Simmer for 15 min.

was or said oysters are cooked. May be refrigerated and reheated next day, when you add the cherry.



Miser Broth

You can buy everything fresh for this dinner, with one major exception. It's impossible to get a frozen Lake duck that's not frozen. The breeders kill their ducks in seven weeks and freeze them on the spot. Fresh ducks are sold in many markets around Christmas, but poultry buyers claim that their quality is not as consistent as the frozen Lake variety. One has to compromise in this to use the frozen duck, but be sure to use them for 24 hours in the refrigerator or overnight at room temperature. You'll need two to serve eight people. Roast the ducks, filled with the stuffing described below, in a medium oven. As they cook, keep removing the fat from the pan, cover and try to separate the juices from it. There will be enough stock for gravy from the giblets and necks unseasoned in their own soup on top of the stove. If you strip the meat off the cooked necks and put it in a blender with a little flour, giblet stock and port wine, the resulting gravy will be remarkably rich. Cooking food is a by-product of the operation, depending on the weight of the bird and the real ingredients of your oven. After you think the ducks are cooked (about 1 1/2 hours), sprinkle a handful of sugar over their breasts and glaze them under the broiler. This will ensure a crisp, leavened skin. Do not make any terrible mistake and top a champagne cocktail during the delicate moment. I was so intoxicated when I tried out this menu that I pressed four loaves of garlic into the butter when it should have been melting the ducks. They burned. The moral is, of course, never drink while cooking.

Wild game preserves, or if you live in the West highland caribou, have a natural that goes well with duck meat. My game came from a tree in my back yard, but most markets, at the end of August, still sell wild game, including crab apples, that would do so well. If you didn't buy and preserve them earlier this year, you can get fresh apples left in the supermarket. Avoid the usual crabapples, they're bound to be American.

The stuffing is dedicated to the Québécois, the Scotch water and is continued on page 72

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The Australian Wine Board

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What did Nelson say? You may begin where you like, and may pass successively from square to square vertically, horizontally, or diagonally, but you may not jump a square. Just to make it harder 20 words are not wanted. We think you will agree with Nelson. If you do, celebrate with a Black & White.

say	old	bequest	Evelyn's	of	disclaim
Go	Scotch	skullion	blend	the	come
whisky	apical	a	apical	diffusance	known
It	is	sticks	home	lighter	who
White	is	"Black	yourself	people	lighter
tradition	&	Scotch	for	ask	aged
Canada's	marrow	Scotland	ends	hospitality	Nelson

Scotch
for people
who know
the difference



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CHRISTMAS DINNER continued
those famous people who have a blood of French and Scotch in their veins. The French ingredient is Quebec blood pudding. You can buy it in most supermarkets in the Maritimes, Quebec and the eastern tip of Ontario, which includes Ottawa and Cornwall, or you can substitute any other Canadian-made blood pudding if you live further west. Supermarket blood pudding is spiced with cinnamon and cloves which go well with duck. The Scotch ingredient is Red River cereal, which "sprouted in Manitoba's storied Red River Valley" and "because it contains whole flax . . . acts as nature's mild laxative." The granularity of the cereal contrasts with the soft lusciousness of the spicy blood pudding, giving an interesting texture to the stuffing. Chateaus, if you add lots of bread crumbs, parsley and giblets and bake in the cavity of a broiler 1.5-lb duck, can be very good.

STUFFING

*Approx. 1/2 pound blood pudding
About 1/2 to 1/3 loaf of bread
1/2 cup Red River cereal
4 eggs*

*Whole bunch of parsley
Duck giblets, partially cooked in
stock and cut up*

*Put bread in blender a hole at a
time and few enough for crumbs.
Lightly wash onions, chop parsley
very fine*

*Mix blood pudding (remember to
remove the casing), bread crumbs,
parsley, cereal and onions together
tall and proper to taste. Add gib-
lets. Stuff duck.*

VIDEO TABLES

You can cook the wild rice and turkey the day before Christmas (or early Christmas morning) and reheat them just before dinner, either in the oven, if you have room over, to the ducks, or over hot water on top of the stove. If you can't wait to overcook the rice or its levels, rusty flavor will disappear and the rice will split and turn mushy. When the rice has been cooked and drained, place turkey stuffed mushrooms and celery on top, and cover the pot ready for reheating later on. You need about 250 pounds of turkey to serve eight, carefully peeled to remove all the proto-oncogenes, and cut into chunks. Roll until tender (about 25 minutes), drain and wash with a potato masher. Melt four tablespoons of butter and add 1/4 cup of flour to make a roux, add a cup of stock left over from the duck giblets to thin the roux, and then add the chicken to the sauce. Pile one or two cloves of garlic into it as well, and set aside to be reheated.

continued on page 74



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BOLS

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CHRISTMAS DINNER *continued*



The Desserts

These can be made the day before. Both are light and not too cloying.

HOSTED SPY APPLES

3½ pounds Spy apples
1½ cups sugar
¼ cup mixed dried fruit
2 lemon
Gloss cherries
Rye whiskey to taste
Peel, core and slice the apples. Cook them with the sugar and a little water in a large, heavy pot, stirring frequently to prevent scorching. This process should take at least one hour and water (as more than a cup in total) can be added from time to time. When the apples are transparent, mix in the dried fruit and the juice of one lemon and as much rye as you like. Line the bottom of a four-cup salad mold with gloss cherries. Pour in the apple mixture and refrigerate overnight, or longer if desired. Unmold and serve with unwhipped whipped cream.

MAPLE SUGAR MOUSSE

2 eggs, whites — beaten to 10 to 15 cup strong coffee
2 egg yolks
2 tsp. cream of tartar
1 cup of maple sugar (granulated)
1½ cups boiling milk
Beat egg yolks. Add sugar slowly—add cream of tartar. Continue beating for about three minutes. Beat milk into egg and sugar mixture. Stir with wooden spoon over low heat. Do not boil. Custard should thicken enough to coat spoon. Add gelatin to hot mixture and beat in until thoroughly dissolved. Beat egg whites adding a pinch of salt and one tablespoon sugar until soft peaks form — then carefully fold whites into warm custard. Place in fridge until mixture is cold but not set. It may be necessary to fold the cooling mixture again in case it separates. Whip half a cup of whipping cream and add to mixture. Turn the mixture into an eight-cup mold. Chill for four to five hours or overnight. Unmold and decorate with concentrated maple sugar.

Even Christmas dinner doesn't need to be limited all with a dessert. An aged Canadian whiskey, taken straight or on the rocks, will help you keep a festive glow on.



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MTN-11-107

LIGHTFOOT from page 26

Inside the apartment, high up, overlooking the city, where sunlight, padded material on walls holding up pictures in gold frames, the beer comes out and the tape spines begin to play the music perfectly. Gord still gulping, me saying: I look up at one wall and see a portrait I had done of him for an album cover. The record company art director decided to use a photograph instead and it looks like up there "You have to see that, Gord." I can't help getting enthusiastic "First, man, I do use it," he says, and you can see he really means it. He wants to relax.

Two hours pass and Gord and I share the same space again and suddenly it's like it used to be. Gord has been talking about how he would like to do an album of Stephen Foster songs.

"But next year I'm cooking the damn... this is all Hollywood, and it's final," he says, pointing to the apartment he paid an exorbitant amount to do. "But, I'm going to take it easier next year. Go on a long canoe trip up North, maybe buy some land up there." It's like it used to be. I've moved from city to country and Gord has moved from country to city. It's in the middle of that distance where we meet.

When all is said and done, the best of friends spend more time with the world's music than they do with the music. There is a time when the friend leaves and the fun takes over.

A young painter, a violent of music, on Lightfoot: "Lightfoot is to me what a real Canadian is... I've seen parts of Canada through his eyes... sometimes I feel really lonely and I know Gord has felt that way too... the way I feel / is like a robin whose babies have flown / to cover me now... it's because I've seen Canada that way... like leaving the trees at two in the morning, he's far enough away, at times, to give you something to reach for but just as ready he could be sitting across the table drinking beer at the Brasserie, just as ready with all of us."

Lightfoot on himself: "Imagine no real reason (not) why one day is fun, then the next day feels nothing to... grab onto... the pleasure works his ass off all day, at the end of that day he turns on the tap, and the water comes out. He knows he's done something right. Some days, some times, there's just no tap."

It's hard to know what to do with a Canadian here. Few people in this continued on page 76

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Look into it.

There is only one liqueur
in all this world
that says the things
you want to say.

The French have a word for it.



Cointreau.

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CHEZ US

NEARLY 2 AGES on Canal Road, the last but not least, and would make a pleasant surprise. The owners tell me that by driving one of the two said buses daily to the east, there is a view of Booth Canal.

ADVERTISING IN THE SUN, Vancouver

WE HAD TO go to a photo session which appeared last week, we inadvertently said that Dr. Harold Bergman was accompanied by his secretary at the first International Congress of Contact Lens Specialists held in Europe. Also, he attended the Congress with his wife, and during that time Mrs. Pouchet, his secretary, was standing his optometric practice during his and his wife's absence.

THE MONTREAL MIRROR

THE DAY THE PRINCE MINISTER OF CANADA visited the Lake Umbagog dammed much like any other Sunday for our people. At noon the service of worship was just over at the East Lake Umbagog Presbyterian Church. People stood and chatted outside as it was noon here when all at once the silence over the lake is the direction of Umbagog was broken by the sound of aircraft. One man noted for his Scottish wit exclaimed, "Look, that must be the Trades coming up the lake!" All eyes turned in the right direction and there came over the lake were three or four helicopters of different sizes.

Most of the people around here do not sit around easily even if they suspect that the Prince Minister of Canada is about to set foot on their island, so they usually all wear hats. A few, however, decided to drive up to Trout River. Three ladies they saw, and the Prince Minister, Pierre Elliott Trudeau, and his lovely wife Margaret, just stopping out of a Canadian coast guard helicopter which was in the middle of our island road. It became clear that this was intended to be a private visit to the home of our neighbor and Prime Minister, the Hon. Alain J. MacPhee.

THE SCOTIA SUN, Glenora

SARAH'S SPENT UPON GRASS, as seen, said only by young children who refuse to pay attention to a talented doctor on horse back. (Edmonton)

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LIGHTS TO

last 47-year-old lady poet who published her own work and talks of village to village, and many here for the optimism of her years. I was at that night after reading something wonderful by Mabel Stark. Who is more authentic to Canada doesn't matter. Investigation of country is lost in the experience of place and the standards set, when all is said and done, only as good as how the audience feels.

Great moments are better than great experiences. That's why we reach out in the country come out of the energy of a circle of friends. You have to crowd together against the cold and the space. The Mainline singers, the British Columbia poets, the French-Canadian film makers, the crazy poets who hang out together in BC. These poets publish in obscure journals that are something personal between good friends. The Tarnish Review threatens to be a symbol of something big and central. The important thing is to keep the friends together.

The Canadian dream is not for over-achievers. It's not better nearly as much as it's uncertain, it isn't external nearly as much as it's inside. It's not so big. But it sure is little.

It's sure that a man becomes a Canadian hero and an American star at the same time. When it happens, as it has with Gord Lightfoot, the problem of who he is becomes very much his own. He'll have to work it out. Macdonald's back home in the region he's still part of the west. How the heroes become part of the west is the problem of the privacy of four walls. (The dream begins realities.) Only the walls can talk, and anyway that's life without real-time reality.

Read all that, Christ, just read it all. Sometimes all the words so long ago. My sons right now is here. My wife is thicker, my ranch mania the rolling lands around me. The boys are turning, and I'm growing my Shakes. And in one room I put studying figures and those leg-bowed high-yellow stoppers with flash caught in purple lights and green eyes, and then that recall all that denizens of the Street. And in another room, lived in looking, my dog sleeps, and as another I look across an old horse table across from greenish of working people among down to earth, through paper and books, to Andrew Wyeth's blueberry milk, the wife of Morris Louis, and back in the sounds of Coltrane, Bach, Gershwin and Lightfoot.

Ah, and you know, you look out

these windows into the wide and long of my country, and you know, you know that Gord Lightfoot, my friend, is just fine, just fine. And we'll see his guests at all the right moments. And we'll see his songs, somehow, have something very real to do with our future.

Meanwhile, I hope it doesn't drive old James Gidder away. Because everything's all right, James. I can't have my future without your past. As the ghosted After Of The Cowboy Of Grey (published in 1880) says: "The national spirit of this

Canada of ours has not yet sufficiently developed to render itself known as a whole of itself. But time is not yet so remote since the very first settlement in the land that suggestive event in any very cultured mind."

My stars grow empty of light. Five to black night, and night makes up the road the Mount Royal dinner, and Billy MacPhee will drive into my yard, another road bottle of wine in his hand, and an even redder face, and I'll have to say "no, Billy, no" maybe some other time. ■

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THE NHL from page 31

search for larger profits, and the owners realized that nobody would pay good money to see the Montreal Canadiens play hockey with a team from a boys' prison school or a seminary, and so some arrangements had to be made to distribute talent—not an overpowering amount of it, nothing dangerous, just a little—to the six new teams. The economic theory behind this is clear: in the sports business, money comes from competition, and while it is easier to make money if you are winning it is not easy to make money if you are obviously the only team that can win, because nobody will come to see you play. The uncertainty creates excitement, and the excitement of that uncertainty—the possibility of the possibility that the California Golden Seals, who are known as the Gert Garden of hockey, might conceivably on a good day give the Chicago Black Hawks a run for their money—means an occasional sacrifice. Still, all things being equal, winning is better. So it is accepted to enter water so reluctantly that, while some flow of talent flows the stronger the weaker was good for business in general, it would be nice if that flow of talent benefited the other guy more than it did him, and so there is a great tendency on the part of the club owners not to be too generous. Economic theory is all very well, but you do not get into Bobby Orr.

The guy who had been around was winning the borderline power drink. The bartender would very carefully measure out an ounce of Scotch, tip it into a glass, then remember that after all nobody was paying, and say what the hell and pour another glass or two in after it. The guy who had been around was so frustrated by this process that he just walked down a bottle himself.

"Look," he said, "the real deal is the smother draft, right? Wrong. See, last year the California Golden Seals, who were doing fairly good, separate and took a couple of average players from Montreal, put so they could survive and finish last with their heads still on. And in return for that Montreal got the rights to the Seals' first draft choice this season. And that gives Montreal the rights to the best player in the seminary. And that means Montreal gets Guy Lafleur, this kid in Quebec City who can shoot around corners. Now, if California had held off, they could have gotten Lafleur, but they couldn't, and so Montreal's got him. Just like it is the old days."

"What does Lafleur think about that?" continued on page 64

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THE NIKEL

He looked surprised. "Oh, he's happy about it."

And the response in his face brought a revelation. For right then, in the hospital suite, as the sports writers and the coaches and the assistant equipment managers stood clanking by over their desks, one of the disturbing elements in this fusion of sports and business became clear. There were no players here. Not one.

It was strange. Hockey is, after all, a game played by people, highly skilled and trained people, accustomed to reflecting and receiving praise, able to react with the speed of a professional driver, some of them better-known public figures than almost any national politician. And some of them must have.

Then, clearly, was the hidden structure of hockey, the unmentioned league, and its competitors were related to but quite different from the conglomeration of the men on the ice. And this league had its own stars: David Molson, the owner of the Montreal Canadiens, director of Molson Industries Limited, member of the Royal St. Lawrence Yacht Club and the Squid Club and the Forest and Stream Club, a thin, blond, im-

probable man with the look of a campaigner. MacNeil Sherry and with an area of skin around his eyes white against the tanned face — the result, perhaps, of wearing sunglasses on rich men's beaches. Sam Pollock, the Canadian general manager, who always looked as if he were the point of team and who had the reputation, among some observers of the hockey world, of being the most perceptive appraiser of talent in the game. And Charles O. Finley, the owner of the California Golden Seals who had been important for a series of momentous, comic disasters in the world of high-money sports.

The majority of these corporate stars were from Montreal, and there was reason for it. Montreal had, against all expectations, won the 1970-71 Stanley Cup. Montreal had, to the envy of every other team, pulled Guy Lafleur out of the amateur draft. And Montreal was to use the National Hockey League convention to stage-manage a winning corporate maneuver: the firing of Al MacNeil.

MacNeil had coached the Montreal Canadiens to the Stanley Cup, and yet here he stood under the hot television

lights in the lobby outside the main convention hall. He was a dapper, thin man, with the look of a Stanley-school teacher, sensitive and concerned, but apparently there were no players alive below MacNeil's strong glare, for some of the Montreal Canadiens held his gaze. During the final years of the Stanley Cup, Henri Richard, a beloved Montreal warrior, had publicly denounced MacNeil as an incompetent, and MacNeil had to be guarded against possible assassination at the next game in Montreal. Richard later retracted, or at least retracted, his public statement, and MacNeil beat the odds to win the cup, but the private pressures were formidable, and everyone, players, coaches, the press, knew MacNeil's head was on the block.

The press was divided. Some reporters thought MacNeil was being sacrificed for reasons unrelated to hockey. A fat man in a checkered suit, straining to see over the tops of the reporters' heads. "Look at him. He looks like a zombie. Those headlines."

The picture of these private pressures was dramatic, but there was one element that apparently had steered the management of the Canadiens part of the agreement toward MacNeil had to do with the fact that he is not French Canadian. The owner of the Canadiens, David Molson, is not himself noted for his tenderness toward the aspirations of French Canada (he told an interviewer from Life magazine, who asked for his opinion on Quebec's national aspirations, "We have a French man on the board, and the children take advantage of it"), when the time would MacNeil developed, there must have been a certain impulse to tell French Canada to go to hell, but there was also the suspicion that the MacNeil incident could be the opening wedge in a campaign against the control of the Canadiens by English Canadians. Stan Fischler, a prominent New York writer, was later so concerned in the Toronto Star, "Quebec's antipathetic influence very clearly has very responsibly will be making itself felt in the National Hockey League. Some observers believe that it will only be a matter of time before the personality politically unaware French-speaking players adopt the militant posture now carried by many English Quebecers." Not if David Molson had anything to do with it. And so, if circumstances were could save disaster later, MacNeil had to go. The reporters craned toward the wooden speaking podium, looking at MacNeil already.

MacNeil stood at the floor.

continued on page 86

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THE MACHINIST

It was done with increasing grace. MacNeil was to be transferred to the Mariners, as coach and general manager of the Canadian Hockey team; he was to be replaced by Bobby Borzuta, a man of considerable coaching talent and more perfect bilingualism. Pollock announced the switch, saying, "All was not said to anger, and he was not asked to continue as coach."

"What the hell does that mean?" said the former, to nobody.

Borzuta pronounced his pleasure and anticipation, changing without effort from English to French. The camera lights were turned off. The restaurant area of the Montreal Canadiens wiped their brows and sat back to see if that would do it.

The MacNeil resident was concerned as to what the draft itself, for MacNeil, obviously, had been treated as a piece of meat, and the draft-raising was concerned with the shifting of skilled, valuable and quite faceless pieces of meat from one freezer to another.

The stage public drafts took place in the Grand Salon of the hotel, an immense, opulent room with chandeliers apparently made of crystal, and 14 tables arranged for the use of the hockey teams. The spectators were separated from the important by a rope barrier, the press was allowed the use of a stage—and was ranked over the proceedings like spectators at a baseball game. There was, inevitably, a lot of shouting.

"Charley! Hey, Charley, howdy?" This is my son, Dave, I'd like you to meet Charley from Boston. Dave is going to be one hell of a left-winger in a couple years. Charley—

"Is that right?" said Charley. A large, tight-looking man, a little cautious, perhaps, by the conservative American do not bring their sons to business conventions; they bring their boys.

At the front of the room, at a lectern, stood Clarence Campbell, the president of the National Hockey League. Campbell is a glib, suave man, with a humorless reply. He presided like a headmaster, but one who is conscious that he has almost as power and that the boys below will cut his head off if they feel like it. And so the first words at the amateur draft came out with a certain wariness. "The first order of choice will be—California—"

A mellow buzz from the California microphone. "California represents only yields its draft choice to the Montreal Canadiens."

Sam Pollock: "Time, Mr. Campbell! A little bit of hockey humor,

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Pollock was repeating in his courtesy and avoided no time at all. He had the right to Guy Lafleur, the most spectacular minor-league player since Bobby Orr, and when the laughter died down he surveyed their Lafleur appeared out of nowhere, a tall, rangy boy with an absent case, to pose for photographs with his new owners.

There were other players in the room, seated in the public gallery section, wearing out their patience. They were none of them quite as good as Guy Lafleur, perhaps not even half as good, and there was considerable nervousness. It was possible that they would not be drafted at all, would not make it into professional hockey, would instead have some dull life in a mining town or a suburban factory, breaking ribs in the industrial lanes.

Test cases were called. "Son of a bitch!" said a blond kid in the public gallery. His paper was twisted in his hands. At about the twenty-fourth name, his face broke open into happiness, his friends turned to slap him on the back, and then went back to their private strains. He was going to an American team, to an NHL team somewhere in the southern United States, 2,000 or 3,000 miles away from his home, but he was going, he was to be allowed to play.

The bidding continued. Some of the men moved away from the tables and stood in the aisles, self-evident, nearly, with the appearance of instant cousins who had made a bundle in money. Almost always, they stood in groups of three or four, one talking, one listening, one making up his mind.

The teams, apparently, had shuffled their draft choices around like baseball cards. Campbell's face was a mask of displeasure. Rex Andrews, the NHL commissioner, had said earlier, "Campbell tried to persuade the insurance teams not to trade their draft choices, at least not until they knew what order their draft choices would be. He wanted to make it illegal to trade choices, but they wouldn't listen." Montreal had traded for the first draft choice from California, and had taken Guy Lafleur, and had required the seventh draft choice from Minnesota and taken Chuck Armstrong from the Flors. They retained their own draft choice, in eleventh place, and picked up Marv Wilson from Ottawa. In other words, they had managed to pick off three of the top 15 amateur players available, California, the last-place club, would have to wait for the fifteenth player drafted to add to its starved roster of talent. Campbell's headmaster look intensified.

continued on page 68

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THE NHL continued

Four young players standing like scared bunnies outside the door of the convention room. Two of them had been chosen, two not, or not yet. Did they object to this method of doing business? No, they hadn't thought about it, and when they tried to think about it they couldn't conceive of any change. "That's the way they do it, I guess." "It's okay."

In the hospitality suite, away from the convention floor and the draft, at last, a recognizable face, an NHL player. Jacques Plante, no less, talking about the Stanley Cup. Plante is a man of one enthusiasm. When asked about Richard's spectacular goal in the last game of the cup series, Plante cheered the quarterback over to a blackboard in the press room and began to draw diagrams.

"Old man, when I was playing in Montreal, I used to tell him, don't shoot so fast when you go in, you always like to cut into the net and let go one more, just wait for the goaltender to go down and backhand it past him. And he would say yes, and go out onto the ice and do the same old thing, and then say, well, I forgot. Well, this time, in that game, I guess maybe he heard me talking to him, and he beat Esposto by shoveling it in after going around him."

"What do you think of Esposto? Is it the same as the old days?" Plante's face darkened. "No. In the old days, there were fewer than 300

jobs and a lot of competition for them. Everybody was dangerous, everybody had a good shot. Now only about 50% of them can shoot. Maybe less than that. It was better in the old days."

It was strange, a touch of hockey, a touch of the game itself, in the middle of the business apocalyptic. Plante was out of place, a cricketer with a passion in a world of lawyers with options.

Plante is not alone. Many people have observed a dilution of the standards of hockey since the NHL's great expression into the money markets to the south. The game has taken on a character some Canadians think of as American: scrappy, obvious, with a lot of show but not blood in the corners. The fans have gone. At the National Hockey League convention, however, there was no particular agonizing about this sort of thing. Campbell brought in legislation that would mildly stiffen the punishments for teams that empty their benches in an ice battle, but there was no talk about the standards of the game, or the style of the play, or, in fact, about the performance of hockey in all. The talk was about gate receipts and how anxious and whether or not the game was going to shake it on American television.

"How did I get the franchise?" asked a minor-league owner. "Well, continued on page 91



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THE NHL continued

I was out of town. I was introducing Richard Nelson at a dinner, and somebody told me Salt Lake might not get a team at all. So I jumped on a plane and went to see every major league owner, well, all but two or three.

The conversation was without play-ers, except for the agonized squint in the stands and lonely Plante with his blackboard. So, finally, it was mutually agreeable. Not necessarily because the owners were being generous to the players. Before expansion players were safety at the mercy of the clubs that owned them, and a lot of hockey could land a player in the owner leagues forever. No, the players have it better today, even as athletes, there is a high minimum wage and, in some leagues, even the freedom to grow one's hair. The oppression came from the extreme superiority of the sport from the box office. The real business of hockey is carried on in places like the Queen Elizabeth hotel, not in the arenas. The tool of the trade is not a hockey stick but a long-distance telephone.

John Robertson leaned back over his desk in the hospitality suite. "This isn't a hockey convention. This is a manufacturers' conference. And this is where the real decisions are made. Up there on the twenty-second floor, the owners are sitting back over a bottle and swapping bodies around."

And farther down the convention floor, near the elevators, four Japanese businessmen were playing with the scale model of the freight hauler. They looked delighted, as though they had found a new and wonderful toy. ■



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BOOKS BY DONALD CAMERON

"It is not the man, it is the system that blots every hope of good, and till the system is overthrown it is vain to expect anything of value from change of Representatives or Government." The cry bursts from one Robert Gourlay, a quackish Scotsman, his Third edition of *The Canadian Landowner's Guide* in 1817. During 27 months in Canada, Gourlay pointed out the evils of the colonial oligarchy, calling on the people of Upper Canada to overturn a popular assembly and read the Preamble Compact. Amazingly enough, the people did just that. The government finally convinced Gourlay of reason and banished him.

According to Glen Franklater's new *Rebel's Dominion* (Longman, \$11.95) Gourlay was "a truly great agitator" and Robert Baldwin, premier of the united Canada, was "an original political thinker of the first rank" whose views on responsible government and the role of political parties shaped the whole course of modern parliamentary democracy. Yet Baldwin and Gourlay are all but forgotten in Canada.

Franklater's reinterpretation of Canadian history is the latest addition to a broad array of books influenced by the new schoolmen. See, for example, *The New Roman* (Bantam, \$2.95) and John Rodkey's *The Star-Spangled Banner* (Pater Martin, \$8.95), are general collections of material especially concerned by our relations with the United States. The most impressive collection is probably Ian Lunenburg's *Close The Club House* (McClelland, \$10.95), a series of essays on everything from the unions to the arts.

The general anthology seems to be yielding to more specific books, such as John W. Ward's *From The Military Policy Of A Junior Canada* (New Press, \$15, paper \$4.95), and James Laver's *The Energy-Power Game* (New Press, \$1.50) which takes a look and a poke at the apparently scurrying continental energy pool. *The Jeagyle For Canadian Universities*, by Robert Matthews and James Stuck (New Press, \$7.50, paper \$3.50), is a "dozier" of letters, essays and other snippets of activity which reveal how the case of American professors in Canadian universities is rounded into public consciousness.

But the core of the new schoolism is resistance to the take-over of our economic life by the American corporations. It is the important dimension about what we will work at and what we can buy, what we will produce and to what extent we will possess it, are being made in the boardrooms of Chicago and the offices of Washington, what is left in Ottawa but a puppet show?

Ken Kerby's brilliant *Silko Saravada: The Multinational Corporation In Canada* (McClelland, \$10, paper \$2.95) first revealed — from U.S. government figures — that foreign investment is taking off far more than it brings in, and that

foreign firms use Canadian earnings, and Canadian loans, to expand their holdings here. During 1963-65, a whopping 55% of U.S. expansion here was financed with Canadian capital. Professor Laver is a McGill University economist, and sometimes, like the writer like us economist. How can anyone discuss "wobbling and products" with a straight face? More often the is devastatingly clear. Canada is "the world's richest underdeveloped country," and our foreign joint economy is producing a decline in living standards, erosion of Canadian values, and the strengthening of Canadian imperialist. Silko Saravada is a learned reading.

What can we do? In *Reclaiming The Canadian Economy: A Socialist Approach Through Functional Socialism* (Anansi, \$6, paper \$1.75), Abraham Rotstein and George Adler-Karlson argue that what we call "ownership" is really a collection of rights and privileges, and that by rethinking these "functions" of ownership citizens can control the corporations just as effectively as by asking them to — and with far less cost and turmoil. Adler-Karlson's book suffers from a poor translation ("not always is a government organization the best solution") and much of it does not bear directly on independence. But it does propose a concrete strategy for rethinking our national life.

Mel Watson wants outright socialism. "To pursue independence seriously," snarled the Waffle ruminator, "is to make viable the necessity of socialism in Canada." Gordon Taylor's *Watson To You* (New Press, \$7.50, paper \$3.50) is a "discovery," a valuable source book of interviews, speeches, position papers, newspaper articles, excerpts from



Manuel and U.S. law, even a concrete poem by Michael and a delightful Vaughn-Jones cartoon. But it is more than that when Watson calls for democratic decision-making in Canadian neighborhoods, factories and offices, he evokes a far more dynamic and humane socialism than Adler-Karlson's headlong socialism. In *Rebel's Dominion* Glen Franklater, eccentric and intelligent, fills in the background, making the English and American have always constituted a single world power-system in which Canada, grumbling and cowering, has always been marshaled to enhance the great imperial design. Shunted by sentimental logicians, we have never taken our destiny into our own hands: hence the "poor quality" of Canadian history. If the other schoolmen find it a different future, Franklater welcomes a different past.

Gourlay passes to Baldwin, to Gordon at centre, to Watkins as the last word — to us!

Do we shout? Do we secede?

Seung: Trudeau Is Power, by Walter Stewart (New Press, \$7.95). Maclean's associate editor wily and authoritatively surveys the playboy's government. Life is left but subtle by the end.

In The Mind of Freedom, by Dr. Stuart Rosenberg (McClelland and Stewart, \$13.95). Is this finally promised new volume of his history of Canadian history? Dr. Rosenberg poses a vital question: are Canada's laws written in the name of their newly found freedom or will it serve as a vehicle for their sustenance? His answer is a compelling document of a creative people in transition — *etc.*

Don Cameron teaches English in the University of New Brunswick.



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